

WELCOME TO MOS ESPA,  
SPACEPORT ON THE PLANET  
TATOOINE. A CITY FAMED  
FOR ITS PODRACING AND  
ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT.

# SPICES & SPIES

A HABITAT  
FILLED WITH  
EXCITEMENT...

WITH  
OPPORTUNITY...

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

AND WITH  
CRIME!

EYES  
WIDE OPEN,  
TTEKKET...

KNOCK  
KNOCK

GOMJAM!

"ALWAYS!"

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

SHUNK

YEAH?  
WASSA  
PASSWORD?!

SHUMENEZ  
UN TOYNEEPA!

"SHOW ME  
THE CREDITS!"

GWAAAAHA --  
CLOSE ENOUGH!  
I LIKE YOUR STYLE,  
JAWA. NOW GET ON  
IN HERE.





YA KNOW, I DIDN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT WHEN YOUR HOLO CAME THROUGH.

CAD BANE STOOPING TO PETTY THEFT!

BOUNTY HUNTING IS AN EXPENSIVE TRADE, CLAWFISH; I'VE BILLS TO PAY LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING *PETTY* ABOUT HIJACKING A CONFEDERACY TRADE BARGE.



OH, I'M NOT DENVING YOUR TALENTS, THOUGH I DOUBT THE WORTH OF *THIS* JOB. CAREER CRIMINAL THOUGH I AM, WHAT DO I NEED WITH A HOT *FREIGHTER*?



NOTHING. BUT ITS CONTENTS, NAMELY *TWO MILLION CREDITS WORTH OF RAW SPICE*, MIGHT BE OF INTEREST.



HA! YEAH, *SURE!* AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ALL THAT TUCKED UNDER YOUR NATTY LITTLE HAT.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT WOULDN'T FIT, SO I THOUGHT I'D STASH IT RIGHT *HERE!*

TTEKKET!



WHA--! YOU HID THE LOOT UNDER MY HIDEOUT! HOW DID YOU GET PAST MY SECURITY?

COME NOW -- I'M CAD BANE. BUT I DON'T REMEMBER INCLUDING A *TRACKING BEACON* IN THE SHIPMENT--



UTINN! ASHUNA, ASHUNA!

"DANGER! GO! GO!"



WELL NOW, WHAT'S ALL THIS, *FISH FACE*?

HAVE YOU BEEN DOUBLE-DEALING?

YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW *WHAT* THIS DEAL WAS ABOUT UNTIL YOU SHOWED ME THE SPICE!



NO, BUT I DID..



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY FREELANCER WITH WAYS AND MEANS, BANE.

PLANTING THAT PULSE BEACON WAS CHILD'S PLAY.

AREA SECURE, SULPHURR. SUBJECTS ARE ALONE.

OKAY, NOW THAT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED, YOU SHOULD BEAT IT, CLAWFISH...

PROBABLY BEST YOU FIND YOURSELF A NEW SAFE HOUSE.

YOU GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE, WE'LL DO LUNCH.

SULPHURR CYANDER! THIS IS A THOROUGHLY UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!

WHAT BRINGS A SECOND-RATE BOUNTY HUNTER LIKE YOU TO TATOOINE?

THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD, OF COURSE!

ONCE WORD GETS AROUND THAT YOU'VE BITTEN THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU, YOUR SCALP WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

CHOOM  
CHOOM  
CHOOM

YANNA JAWA KUZU PEEKAY!

"THIS JAWA IS NOT FOR SALE!"

PAH! YOUR PUNKY ION BLASTER IS NO MATCH FOR MY CRYSTAL CANNON!

ZAAANK

HKEEK NKULLA!

THANK  
THANK  
THANK

TOO RUDE TO TRANSLATE.

ENOUGH! TAKE THEM TO MY SHIP STRIP THEM OF THEIR PACKS AND BLASTERS AND SEARCH THEM THOROUGHLY!

BANE HAS A NASTY HABIT OF HIDING SPARE WEAPONS.







AND ON THE BRIDGE...

...I DON'T CARE IF HE'S LAUNDERING HIS BEST CLOAK, PATCH ME THROUGH TO DOOKU THIS INSTANT!

I'VE GOT SOME VERY INTERESTING NEWS TO--

BLEEP  
BLEEP  
BLEEP

A FIRE IN THE CARGO BAY? BUT THAT'S WHERE I'VE STORED THE--

MOVE IT, BUCKETHEADS! THAT SPICE STOCK IS MY ONLY EVIDENCE! IF WE LOSE IT, THIS WILL HAVE BEEN FOR NOTHING!

YOU GO FIRST.

ER, MUST I?

LOOKS LIKE A FALSE ALARM. THERE'S NO SIGN OF A FIRE -- EVERYTHING'S EXACTLY WHERE IT SHOULD BE.

WRONG... ON THREE COUNTS.

HUH?

ONE, THESE DON'T BELONG TO YOU, TWO, I'VE ESCAPED...

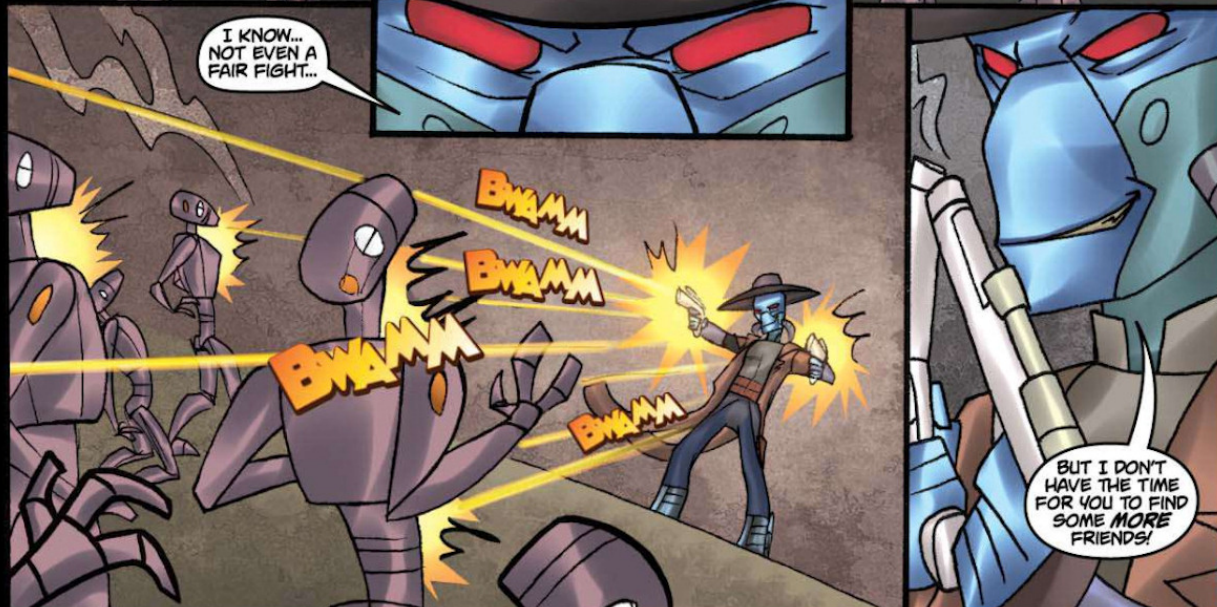
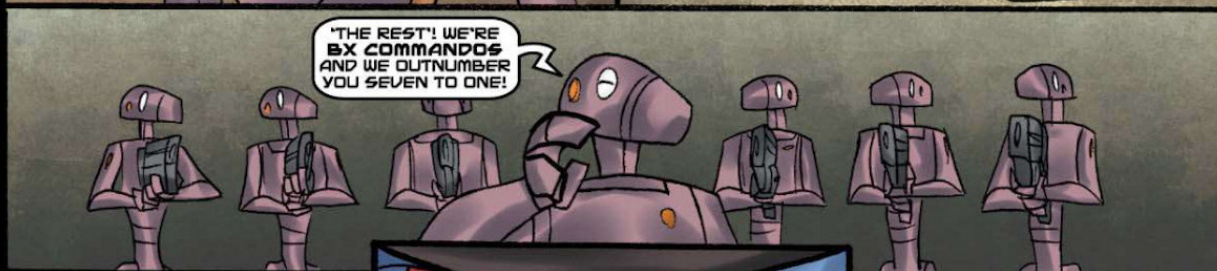
ALERT! THE BOUNTY HUNTER HAS STOLEN HIS, ER, STOLEN BLASTERS BACK!

...AND THREE, SO HAS HE!

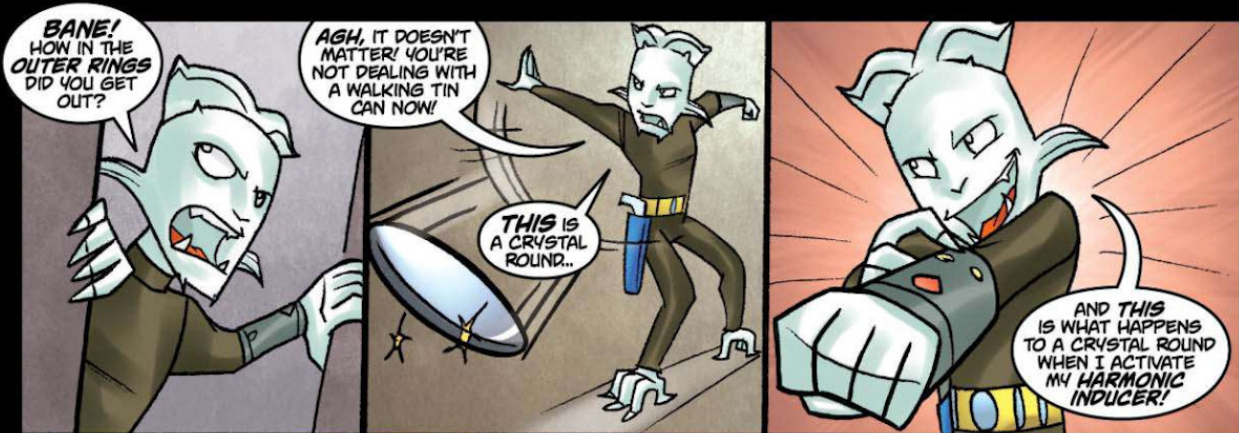
BOOOOMPH

???

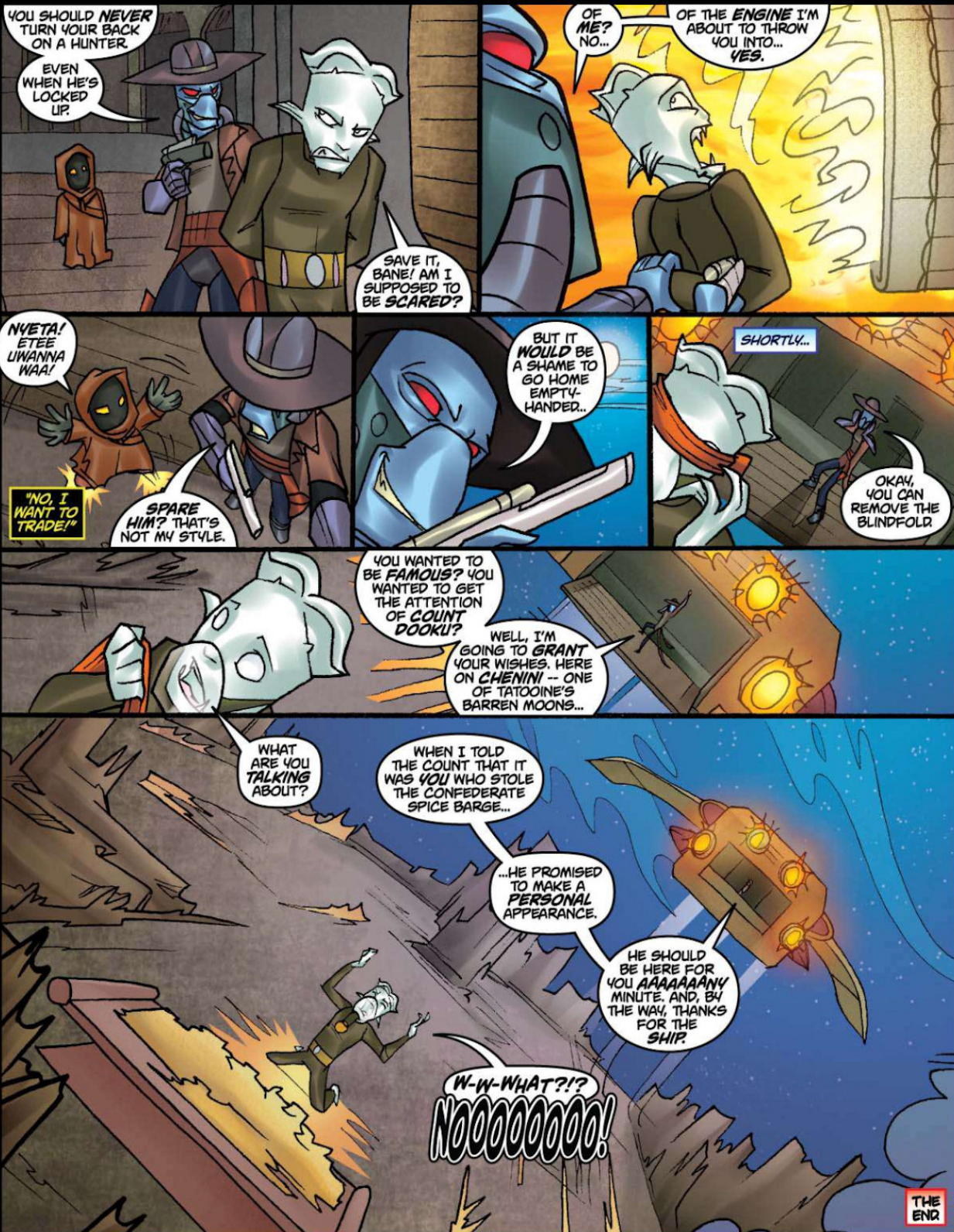












YOU SHOULD NEVER  
TURN YOUR BACK  
ON A HUNTER.

EVEN  
WHEN HE'S  
LOCKED  
UP.

SAVE IT,  
BANE! AM I  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE SCARED?

OF  
ME?  
NO...

OF THE ENGINE I'M  
ABOUT TO THROW  
YOU INTO...  
YES.

NYETA!  
ETEE  
UWANNA  
WAA!

"NO, I  
WANT TO  
TRADE!"

SPARE  
HIM? THAT'S  
NOT MY STYLE.

BUT IT  
WOULD BE  
A SHAME TO  
GO HOME  
EMPTY-  
HANDED...

SHORTLY...

OKAY,  
YOU CAN  
REMOVE THE  
BLINDFOLD

YOU WANTED TO  
BE FAMOUS? YOU  
WANTED TO GET  
THE ATTENTION  
OF COUNT  
DOOKU?

WELL, I'M  
GOING TO GRANT  
YOUR WISHES. HERE  
ON CHENINI -- ONE  
OF TATOOINE'S  
BARREN MOONS...

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

WHEN I TOLD  
THE COUNT THAT IT  
WAS YOU WHO STOLE  
THE CONFEDERATE  
SPICE BARGE...

...HE PROMISED  
TO MAKE A  
PERSONAL  
APPEARANCE.

HE SHOULD  
BE HERE FOR  
YOU AAAAAANY  
MINUTE, AND, BY  
THE WAY, THANKS  
FOR THE  
SHIP.

W-W-WHAT?!?  
Nooooooooo!

THE  
END



THE CLONE WARS CONTINUE,  
SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END...

...BUT THE WEALTHY CITIZENS  
OF CORUSCANT STILL CRAVE  
LEISURE OPPORTUNITIES.

ONE SUCH OPPORTUNITY  
COMES IN THE FORM OF LEISURE  
SATELLITES, VAST SPACE STATIONS  
THAT TRAVEL FROM PLANET  
TO PLANET...

...BRINGING WITH THEM AS  
MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO  
RELAX AS THERE ARE  
SPECIES IN THE GALAXY...

...BE IT GAMES OF CHANCE...

...CUTTING-EDGE FASHION...

...OR EVEN THE THRILL OF HIGH SPEED!

OH MAN,  
I LET THE  
BOOKIE  
WIN!

THESE  
DESIGNS WOULD  
LOOK LOVELY IN  
THE SENATE,  
THREEPIO.

FORMAL  
WITHOUT  
BEING  
STUFFY.

OH, I  
QUITE  
AGREE,  
MISTRESS.

COME ON,  
AHSOKA, THE  
RACE IS ABOUT  
TO BEGIN!

ALWAYS  
WITH THE  
PODRACING,  
MASTER...  
I STILL DON'T  
QUITE GET THE  
APPEAL...





YOUR MENTOR  
HAS SOMETHING OF  
A HISTORY WITH THESE  
MECHANICAL DEATH  
TRAPS -- ISN'T THAT  
RIGHT, ANAKIN?

# LEISURE

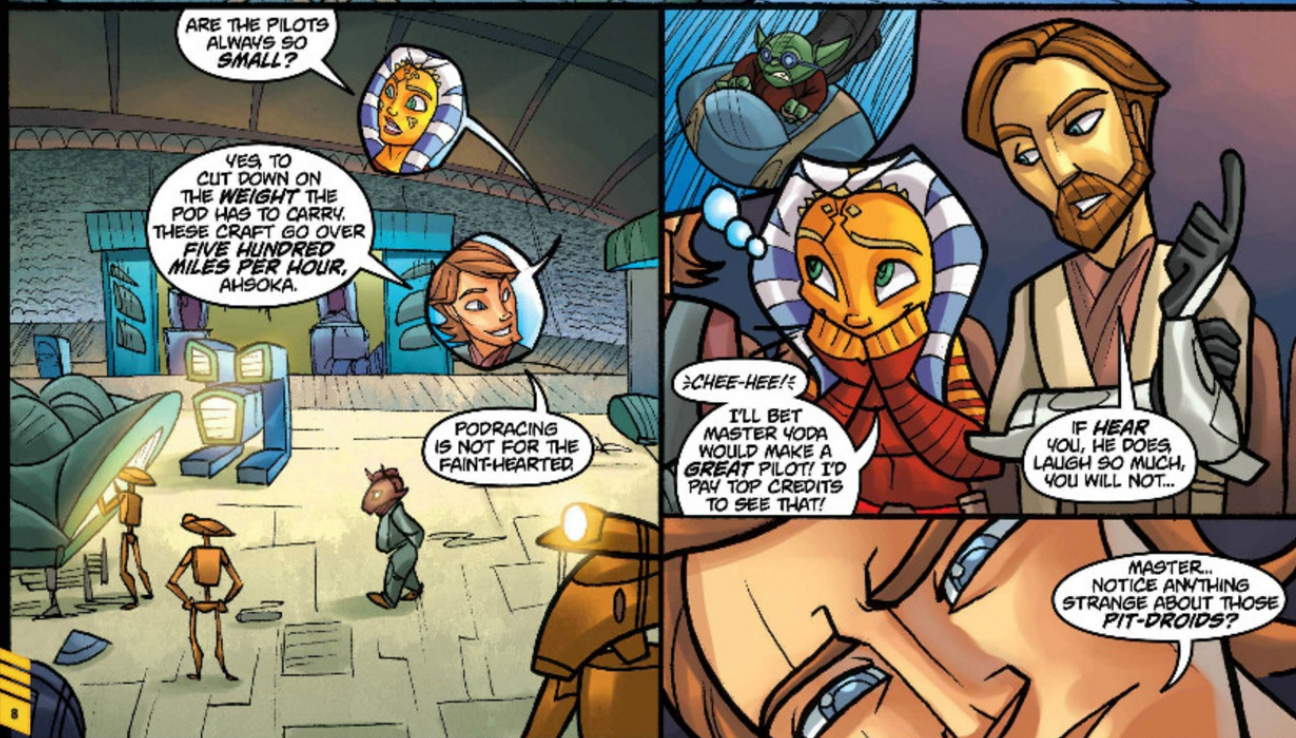
AND THEY'RE OFF!  
EIGHT INCREDIBLE  
RACERS RISKING LIFE  
AND LIMB FOR A CHANCE  
TO WIN THE SPIRAL  
DOUBLE CUP!

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW  
JAMES









YOU'RE RIGHT  
— THEY'RE NOT  
SERVICING PODRACERS.  
THEY'RE BUILDING  
SOMETHING.

...I'M  
GOING TO  
TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK.



NO,  
ANAKIN, GO  
AROUND!

SIGHS  
WHAT WAS  
I JUST  
SAVING?

I HAVE  
A BAD FEELING  
ABOUT THIS...

HOLD ON,  
SKYGUY --  
YOU'LL GET  
YOURSELF  
KILLED.

"I RECOGNISE THAT  
CONFIGURATION, SNIPS  
-- THEY'RE BUILDING A  
LASER CANNON!"

"BUT THIS SATELLITE IS  
IN ORBIT OVER THE GALACTIC  
SENATE! IF THEY HIT THAT, IT  
WOULD BE A CATASTROPHIC  
BLOW TO THE REPUBLIC!"

COME ON,  
THEN, THERE'S NO  
TIME TO LOSE!

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK  
YOU'RE  
DOING?

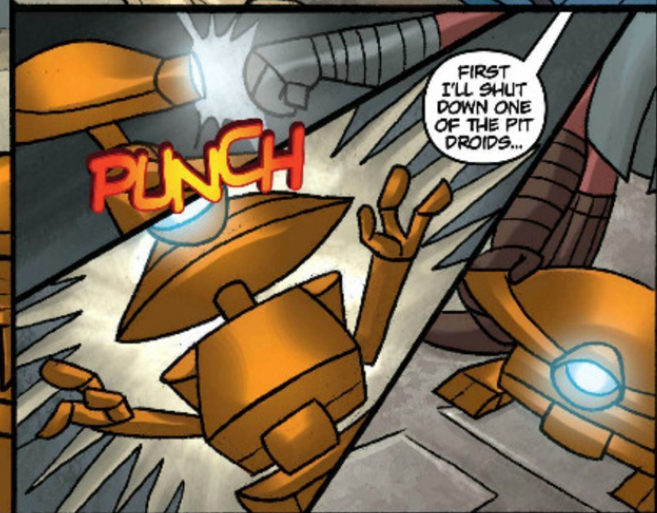




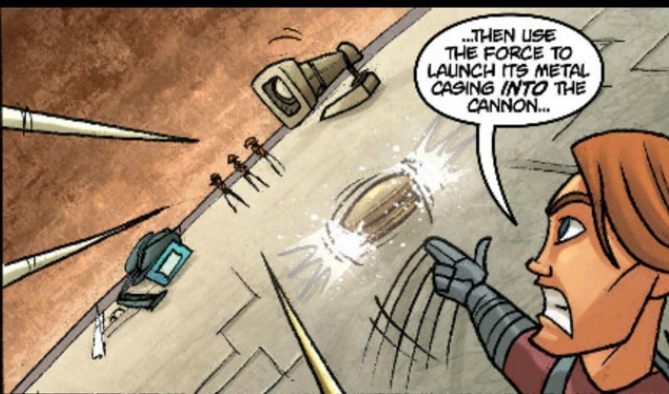












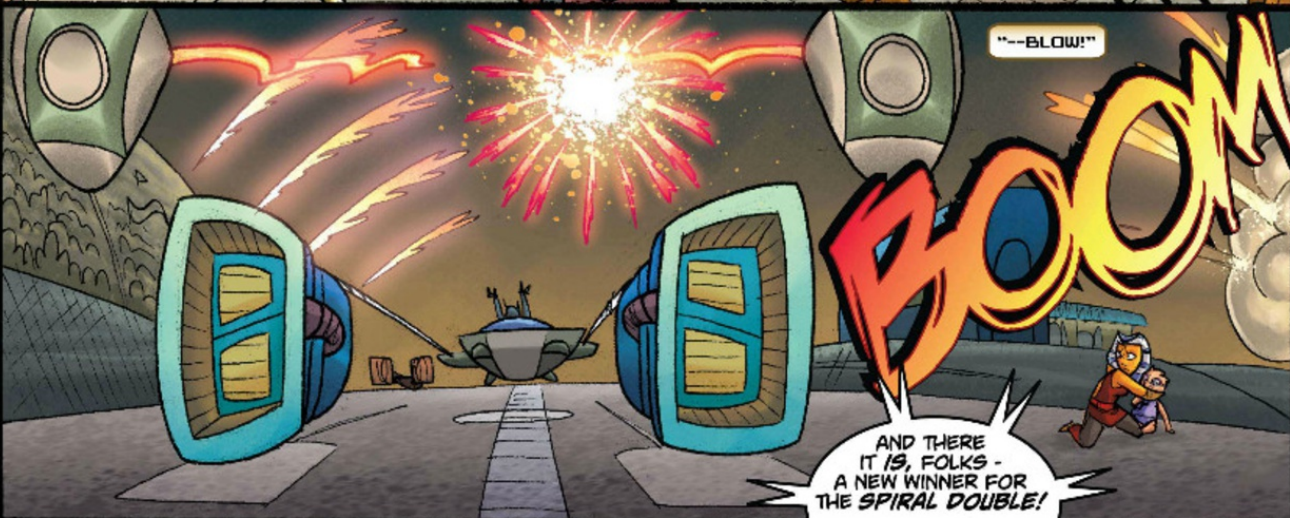
...THEN USE  
THE FORCE TO  
LAUNCH ITS METAL  
CASING INTO THE  
CANNON...



"...BLOCKING IT UP  
TIGHTER THAN A  
HUTT IN A LAND-  
SPEEDER!"

THE CANNON  
IS OVER-  
HEATING!

IT'S  
GOING  
TO--



"--BLOW!"

AND THERE  
IT IS, FOLKS -  
A NEW WINNER FOR  
THE SPIRAL DOUBLE!



GOOD JOB,  
ANAKIN. AND NICELY  
TIMED, TOO -- THE CROWD  
THINK THE EXPLOSION  
WAS JUST ANOTHER  
FIREWORK.

STILL, IT  
DOESN'T BODE  
WELL THAT SEPARATIST  
FORCES WERE ABLE TO  
SNEAK SO CLOSE TO THE  
SENATE. WE'LL NEED  
TO LOOK INTO  
SECURITY.



THAT'S ENOUGH  
EXCITEMENT FOR  
ME, OBI-WAN.

I NEED  
A DAY  
OFF.

ANAKIN,  
THIS WAS  
YOUR DAY OFF --  
REMEMBER?

SIGH

END!



HIGH ABOVE THE  
TOWERING SPIRES  
OF CORUSCANT...

...A VAST  
LEISURE SATELLITE  
HAS ARRIVED, BRINGING  
WITH IT AS MANY  
OPPORTUNITIES  
TO RELAX AS THERE  
ARE STARS IN  
THE GALAXY.

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

FOR, DESPITE THE ONGOING  
CLONE WARS, EVEN HEROES  
OF THE REPUBLIC NEED A  
LITTLE TIME TO RECHARGE  
THEIR BATTERIES.

ONE SUCH HERO  
IS PADME AMIDALA,  
SENATOR FOR NABOO...

# FASHION

WHILE THIS  
GHASTLY WAR  
CONTINUES, A DARK  
CLOUD HOVERS OVER  
THE PEOPLE OF  
THE GALACTIC  
REPUBLIC.

STILL, WE  
MUST REMEMBER  
THAT WE'RE NOT IN  
MOURNING YET,  
THREEPIO.

AND  
THERE'S  
CERTAINLY NO  
NEED TO DRESS  
AS IF WE  
ARE!

OH, I  
QUITE AGREE,  
MISTRESS.

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW  
JAMES

THERE'S A  
PARTICULARLY  
SUITABLE OUTFIT FOR  
THE SENATE. PERHAPS  
I SHOULD BRING IT TO  
MISTRESS AMIDALA'S  
ATTENTION...

WELL, REALLY,  
ARTOO! HOW AM  
I SUPPOSED TO  
DISCERN BETWEEN  
FASHIONS AND  
UNIFORMS?!

MY PRIMARY  
FUNCTION IS  
PROTOCOL. MY  
PHOTORECEPTORS  
ARE HARDLY  
TUNED TO ASSESS  
SUCH SUBTLE  
DELINEATIONS!

PA-BLRRRT!





THREEPIO -- DOES THAT FIGURE IN THE CAPE LOOK FAMILIAR?

I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T REALLY NOTICE, MISTRESS.

THAT WAS ASAJJ VENTRESS... I'M SURE OF IT!



OH, HOW MARVELLOUS. IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT THE SEPARATIST ALLIANCE IS WILLING TO DECLARE A TRUCE FOR LONG ENOUGH TO DISCUSS MATTERS OF FASHION.



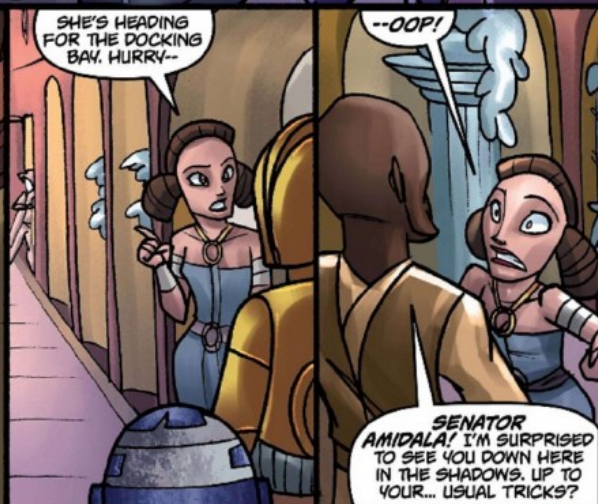
WAKE UP, THREEPIO. SHE'S NOT HERE FOR THE CLOTHES! A KNOWN SEPARATIST TERRORIST SHOULD NOT BE ABLE TO GET THIS CLOSE TO THE GALACTIC CENTRE.



I FAIL TO SEE HOW FASHION COULD POSE A THREAT TO THE REPUBLIC!

WHICH IS WHY WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE'S DOING HERE.

FA-FWEEP!



SHE'S HEADING FOR THE DOCKING BAY. HURRY--

--OOP!

SENATOR AMIDALA! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU DOWN HERE IN THE SHADOWS. UP TO YOUR... USUAL TRICKS?



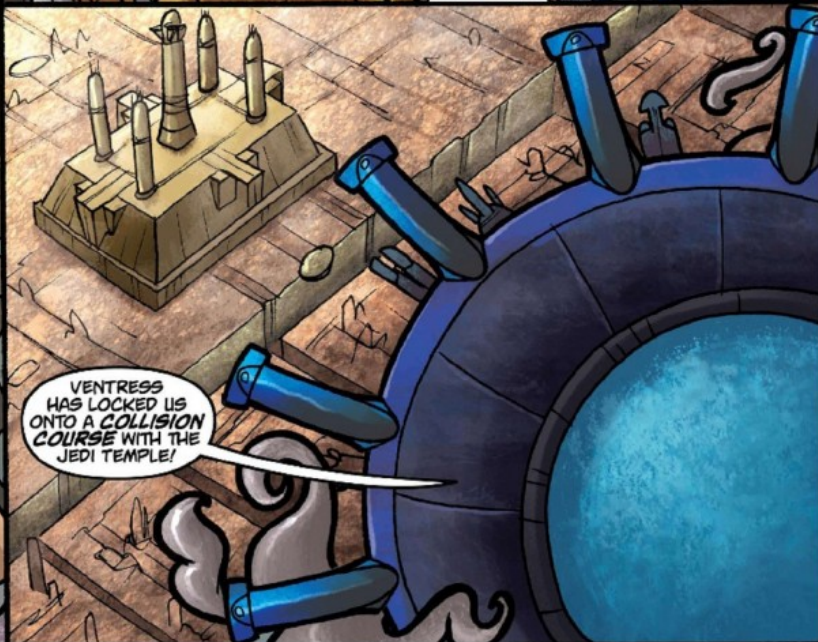
GENERAL WINDU, I'M SO PLEASED TO SEE YOU! THERE'S A SITH TERRORIST ON THE SATELLITE--!

VENTRESS.

I KNOW. I'VE BEEN TRACKING HER EVER SINCE I FELT HER PRESENCE TWO DAYS AGO.

BUT SHE'S CHANGED HER METHODS -- USING THE CROWDS AS A PROXY SHIELD TO STAVE OFF CONFRONTATION. I CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH.









IF THE SATELLITE STRIKES THE TEMPLE--

WE HAVE TO GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND CHANGE COURSE, RIGHT NOW!



MASTER WINDU, LOOK!



SHE'S ALMOST AT THE DOCKING BAY.

WE'LL HANDLE THE NAVICOMPUTER



--WHILE YOU DEAL WITH HER!

ASAJJ VENTRESS...

...YOUR CAMPAIGN OF TERROR IS OVER!

FOOLISH JEDI! MY PLANS ARE MANIFEST!



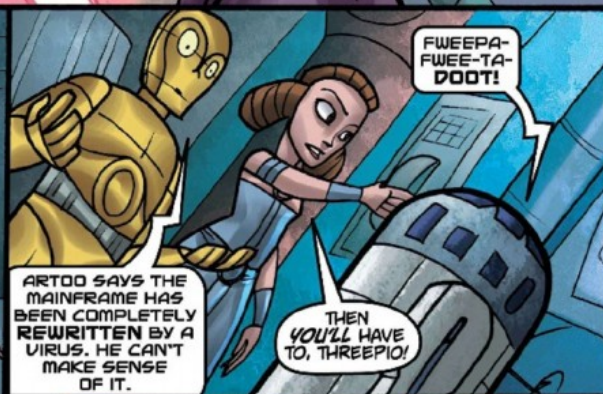


I'VE LEARNED TO CHANNEL MY RAGE INTO A MORE **USEFUL** KIND OF HATRED. CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

MEANWHILE, IN THE LEISURE SATELLITE'S CONTROL ROOM...

GRACIOUS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONITORING DROIDS?

THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO THE SECURITY GUARDS -- VENTRESS DECOMMISSIONED THEM!



FWEEPA-FWEE-TA-DOOT!

ARTOO SAYS THE MAINFRAME HAS BEEN COMPLETELY REWRITTEN BY A VIRUS. HE CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF IT.

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO, THREEPIO!



ME, MISTRESS?

YOU'RE A TRANSLATOR DROID -- WORK OUT WHAT THE NAVICOMPUTER'S SAYING AND EXPLAIN IT TO ARTOO, WHILE I RAISE THE JEDI TEMPLE...

...THEY MAY STILL HAVE TIME TO EVACUATE BEFORE THE SATELLITE HITS.



...MY DROID'S TRYING TO STOP THE FATAL DESCENT, MASTER YODA, BUT THE COMPUTER'S NOT MAKING IT EASY!

MOST DISTRESSING, THIS NEWS IS, SENATOR! TIME TO ESCAPE, THE JEDI MAY HAVE, BUT HUGE COLLATERAL DAMAGE, THIS WILL CAUSE!



NO, A DIFFERENT SOLUTION, I PROPOSE.









IF ARTOO SUCCEEDS IN REVERSING OUR COURSE, IT WILL SET OFF AN EXPLOSION THAT WILL DESTROY OUR ENGINES! WE'RE STILL DOOMED!







...JUST YOU!



GONE --  
I WON'T CATCH  
HER NOW. BUT AT  
LEAST THE SATELLITE  
IS SAFE.

WE'RE ANYTHING BUT  
SAFE, MISTRESS!  
I'VE LOCATED THE  
THERMAL BOMB,  
BUT -- CURSE MY  
METAL FINGERS --  
I CANNOT REACH IT.



IT WON'T  
ACTIVATE UNLESS  
ARTOO SUCCEEDS.  
WILL IT? LET ME  
TRY, THREEPIO!



...MY ARM'S  
MORE SLENDER  
THAN YOURS!

GOT  
IT!



HOW WONDERFUL!  
WONDERFUL!  
WE'RE SAVED!



LATER...

YOUR BRAVE  
ACTIONS ARE TO  
BE **COMMEDED**,  
SENATOR  
AMIDALA...

...YOU  
SHOWED GREAT  
**COURAGE** UNDER  
PRESSURE.

WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THE **SATELLITE**,  
CHANCELLOR  
PALPATINE?

EVEN NOW,  
IT IS BEING  
DRAGGED TO  
A FLOATING  
REPAIR YARD BY  
TRACTOR BEAM.

A REPAIR  
YARD FAR FROM  
CORUSCANT, I  
SHOULD ADD.



THAT ALL  
**SURVIVED**, THE  
IMPORTANT THING  
IS. SMALL MERCIES,  
FOR WHICH WE MUST  
REMAIN GRATEFUL,  
IN THIS TIME  
OF WAR.

THANK  
GOODNESS!  
BUT I CAN'T  
BELIEVE THAT  
VENTRESS  
SLIPPED  
THROUGH OUR  
FINGERS.

END!



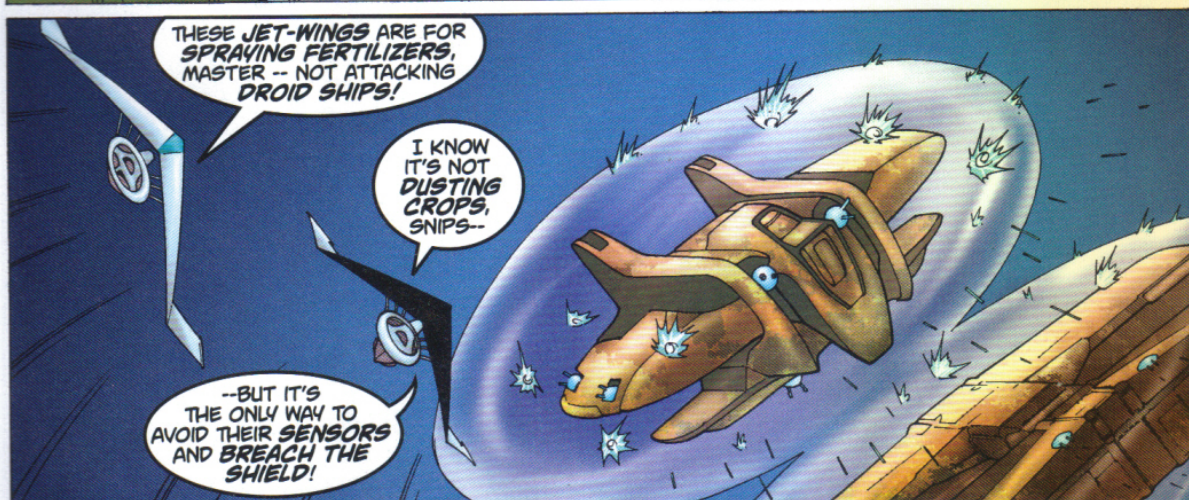






# INSIDE JOB

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
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COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

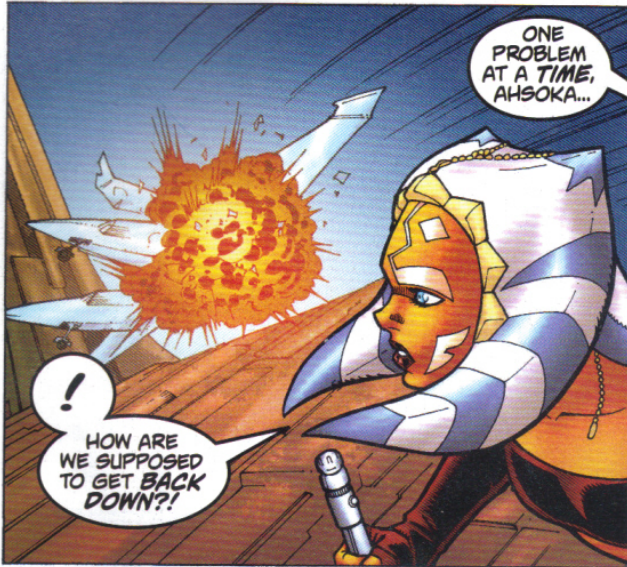
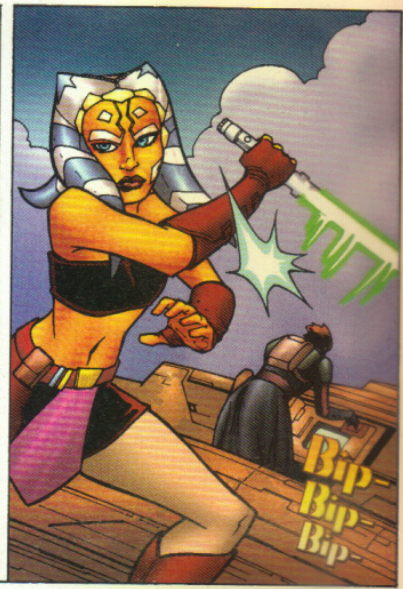
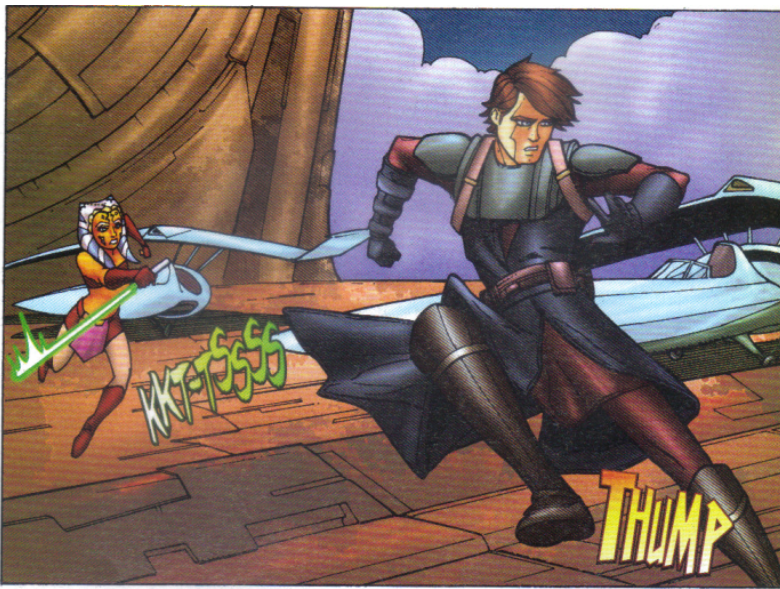


THESE JET-WINGS ARE FOR  
SPRAYING FERTILIZERS,  
MASTER -- NOT ATTACKING  
DROID SHIPS!

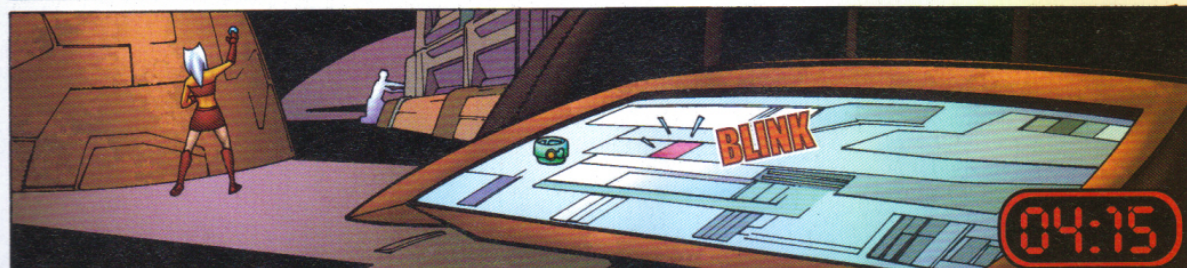
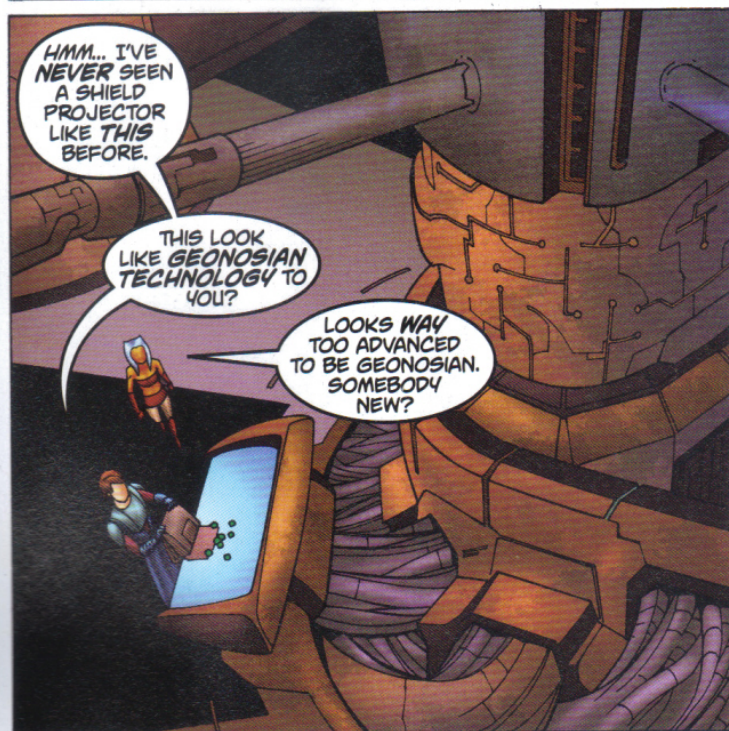
I KNOW  
IT'S NOT  
DUSTING  
CROPS,  
SNIPS--

--BUT IT'S  
THE ONLY WAY TO  
AVOID THEIR SENSORS  
AND BREACH THE  
SHIELD!













UM...  
WAS THIS  
LIGHT ON  
WHEN WE  
STARTED,  
MASTER?

WHAT  
LIGHT?



SO MUCH FOR  
'USELESS',  
SKYGYU!

THANKS,  
SNIPS.

INTRUDER  
ALERT.



ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
ROGER.

ROGER  
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ROGER  
ROGER.



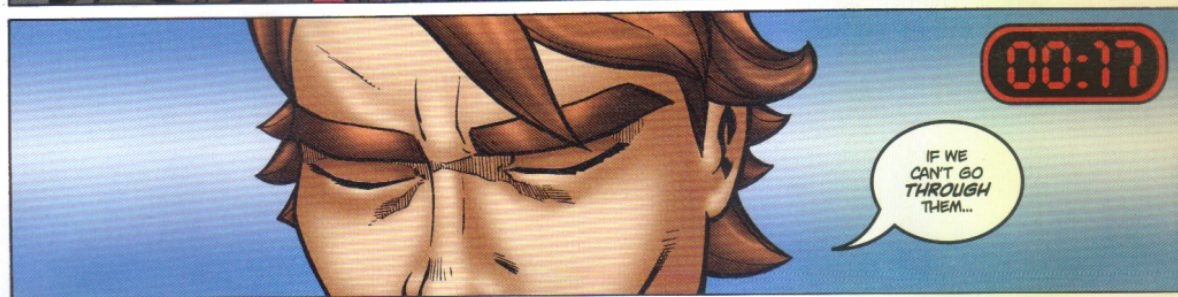
ANY  
MORE BRIGHT  
IDEAS?

HEAD FOR  
THE AIRLOCK.  
WE CAN  
MAKE IT!













KRKK

00:03

00:01

00:00

BOOM

THERE'S  
ARTOO,  
RIGHT ON  
SCHEDULE!

SLOW YOUR  
DESCENT WITH  
THE FORCE!

YOU  
GOT IT,  
MASTER!

SO, WOULD  
YOU SAY WE SAVED  
THE MOON,  
MASTER?

WITH THE  
SHIELD DOWN, THE  
PLANETARY DEFENCES  
CAN TAKE CARE OF  
THE REST!

I JUST  
MIGHT,  
SNIPS.

THE END







STICK CLOSE  
TO ME, SNIPS.

IT'S  
DANGEROUS  
OUT HERE!

IN CASE  
YOU HAVEN'T  
**NOTICED**, I CAN  
TAKE CARE  
OF--

MY SEE

**REALLY?**  
INSIGHTS LIKE THAT  
MUST BE THE REASON  
**YOU'RE THE TEACHER**  
AND I'M THE  
**STUDENT!**



**AHSOKA!**

THAT CREVICE  
MUST LEAD INTO  
THE MINESHAFTS!

**GENERAL!**

WE HAVE  
AN EVEN BIGGER  
**PROBLEM--!**

THIS PLANET'S  
**RIDDLED** WITH THEM!

**"--THE SEPARATISTS  
HAVE LANDED A MAJOR  
ASSAULT FORCE!"**



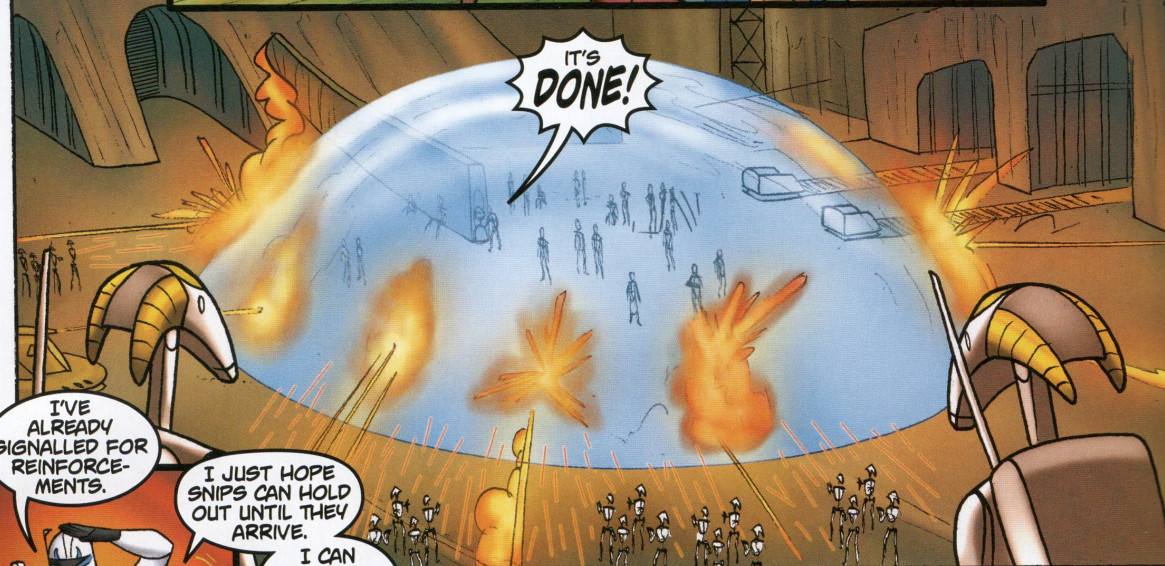


GOTTA GET THE WOUNDED TO SAFETY BEFORE WE ACTIVATE THE SHIELD; NO WAY THEY'LL SURVIVE WITHOUT US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, REX.

AHSOKA WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR HERSELF FOR A WHILE.

TRIGGER THE SHIELD!



IT'S DONE!

I'VE ALREADY SIGNALLED FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

I JUST HOPE SNIPS CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL THEY ARRIVE.

I CAN SENSE HER IN THE FORCE--

--AND SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY INJURED IN THE FALL.

UUGNNNE

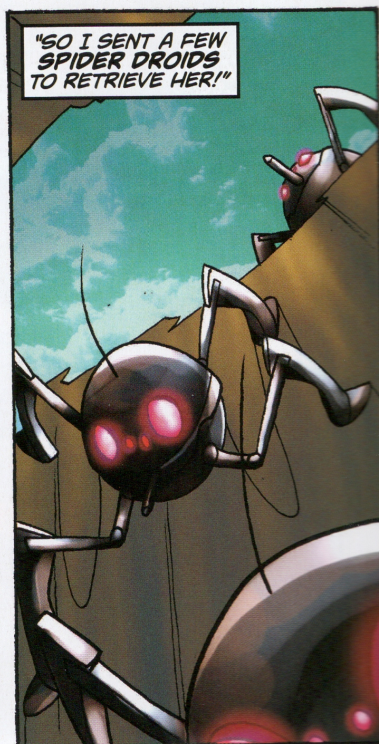


YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT YOUR SCRUFFY SIDEKICK, SKYWALKER...



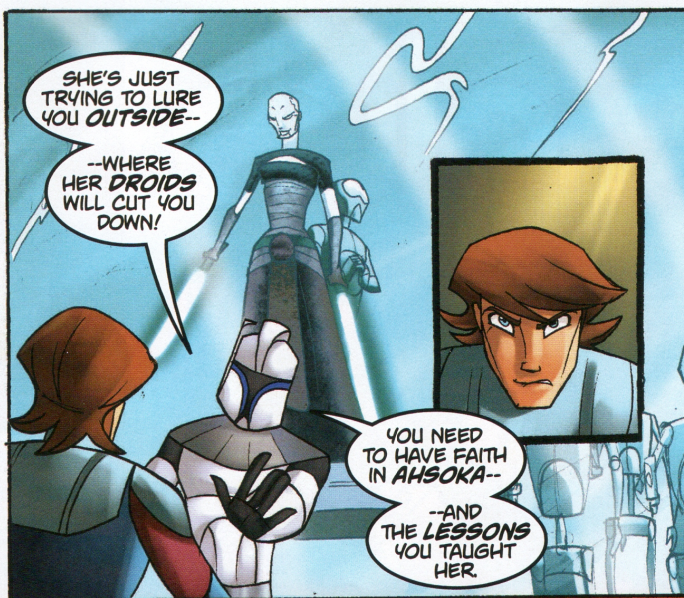
I, TOO, CAN SENSE HER PAIN.

VENTRESS!



"SO I SENT A FEW SPIDER DROIDS TO RETRIEVE HER!"

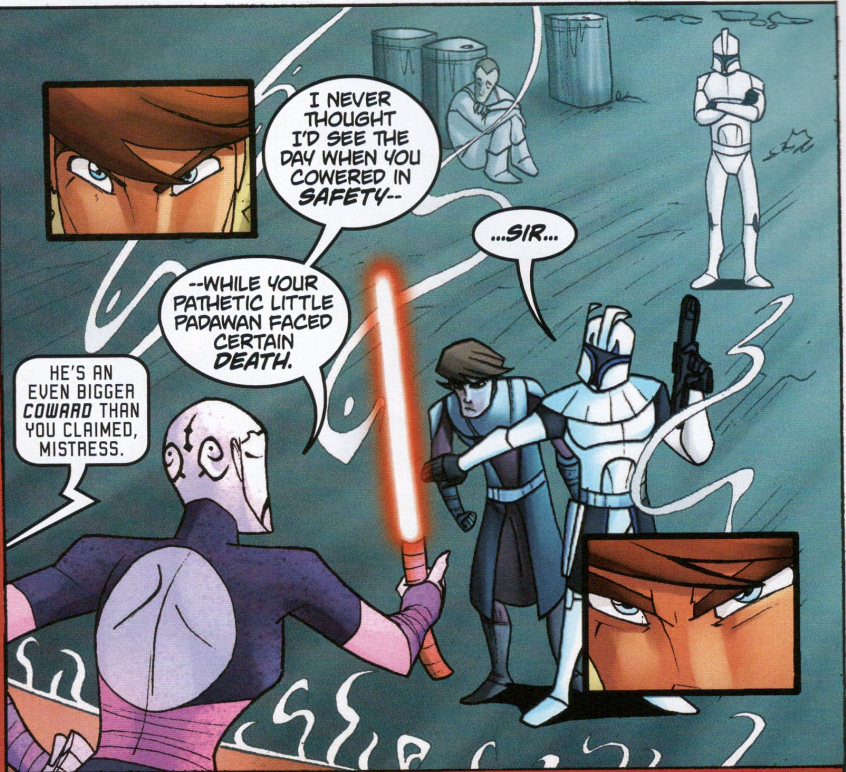








LIKE THE MASTER ALWAYS SAYS, A SMART WARRIOR KNOWS WHEN TO RETREAT...

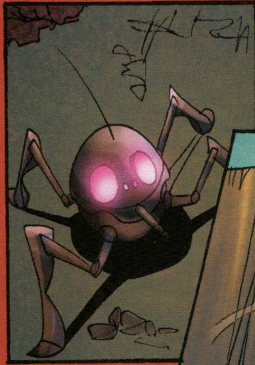


I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN YOU COWERED IN SAFETY--

SIR...

--WHILE YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE PADAWAN FACED CERTAIN DEATH.

HE'S AN EVEN BIGGER COWARD THAN YOU CLAIMED, MISTRESS.



HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I HITCH A RIDE.



I NEED TO REST MY ANKLE!

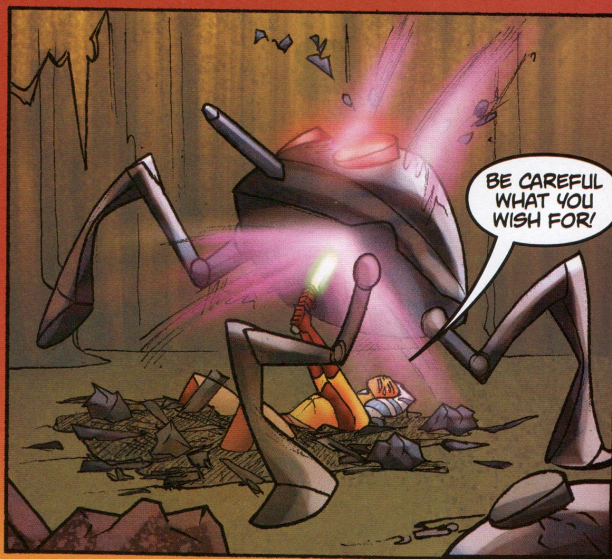
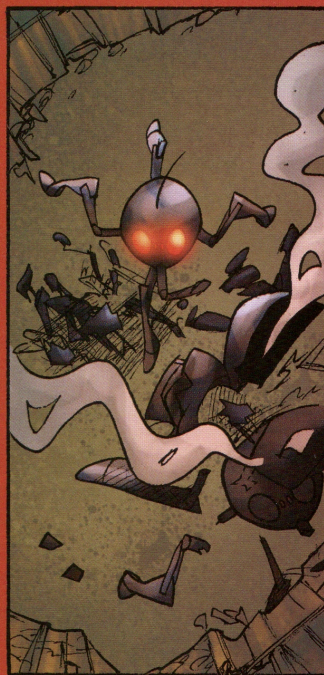


THIS IS MY STOP.

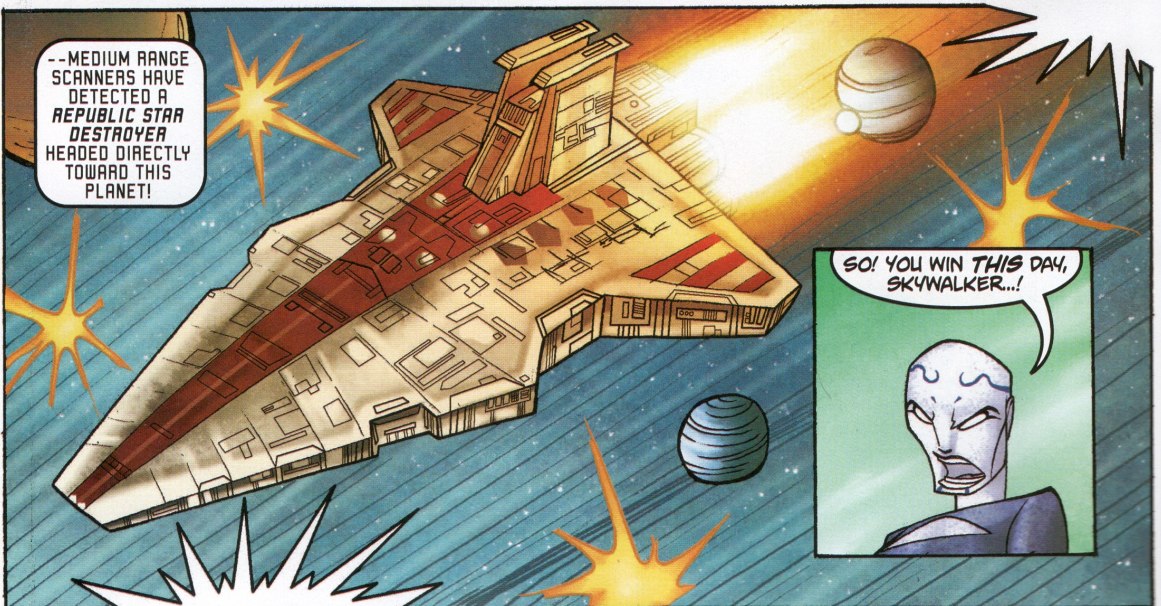
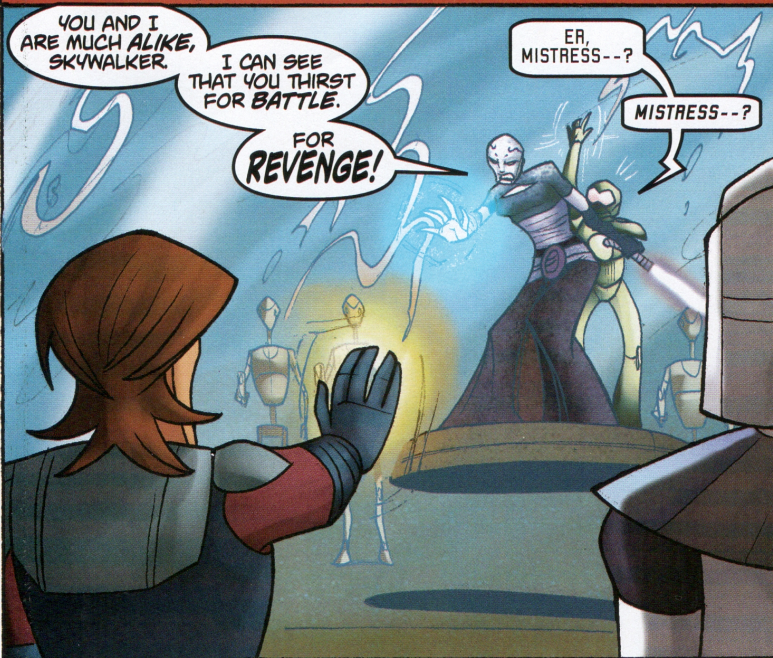
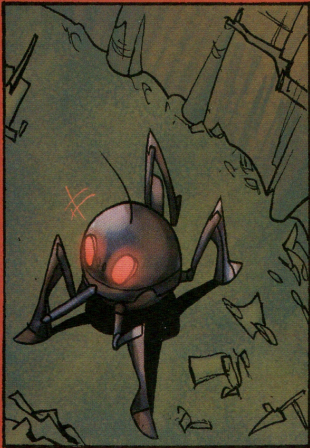
YOURS, TOO!

SHRAAK

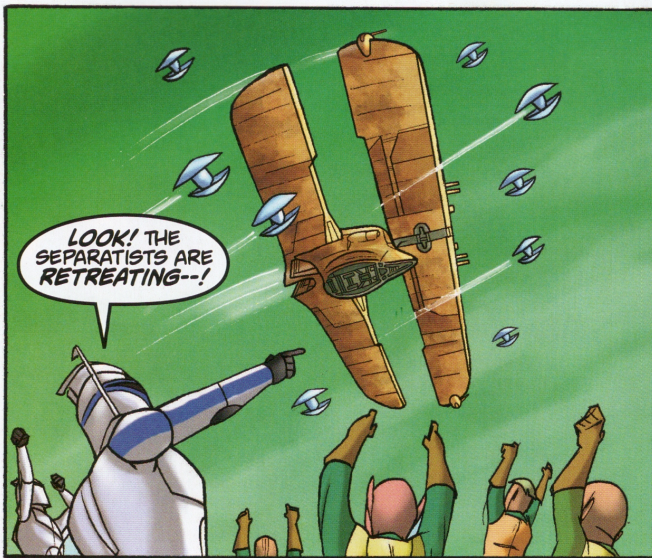












LOOK! THE SEPARATISTS ARE RETREATING--!



THERE! IT'S SAFE TO DISABLE THE DEFLECTOR SHIELD NOW.

I'LL RECOVER AHSOKA.



NOT NECESSARY, MASTER.



TOLD YOU I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.



ALTHOUGH I *COULD* USE SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.

CLEAN YOURSELF UP WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

WE STILL HAVE TO NEGOTIATE A TRADING AGREEMENT WITH THE MINERS.



THAT'S IT?

WEREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT WORRIED ABOUT ME?

WHY WOULD I BE? I HAD FAITH IN YOUR ABILITY TO SURVIVE.



YOU HAVE A GREAT TEACHER!

THE END



THE UNDERCITY OF CORUSCANT,  
DEEP BENEATH THE LEVELS  
OF THE GALACTIC SENATE.

# IN TRIPLICATE

Enoxx  
Liche

THERE'S NO  
WAY **PADME** WOULD  
COME TO A PLACE  
LIKE THIS...

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS  
COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES



EARLIER THAT DAY...

TO GIVE A  
**CRUCIAL SPEECH**  
TO RALLY THE SENATE  
TOMORROW,  
SHE WAS.

WITHOUT HER  
**CALMING INFLUENCE**,  
PLUNGED INTO **CHAOS**,  
NEGOTIATIONS WILL  
BE. **HMMM.**

**SENATOR  
AMIDALA HAS BEEN  
KIDNAPPED!**

WORK OF THE  
**SEPARATISTS**,  
THIS IS. FIND  
**AMIDALA** YOU  
MUST!

I KNOW HOW  
IMPORTANT THIS  
IS, **MASTER  
YODA**.

**PADMÉ AMIDALA**  
IS THE **GREATEST**  
DIPLOMAT OF HER  
GENERATION.

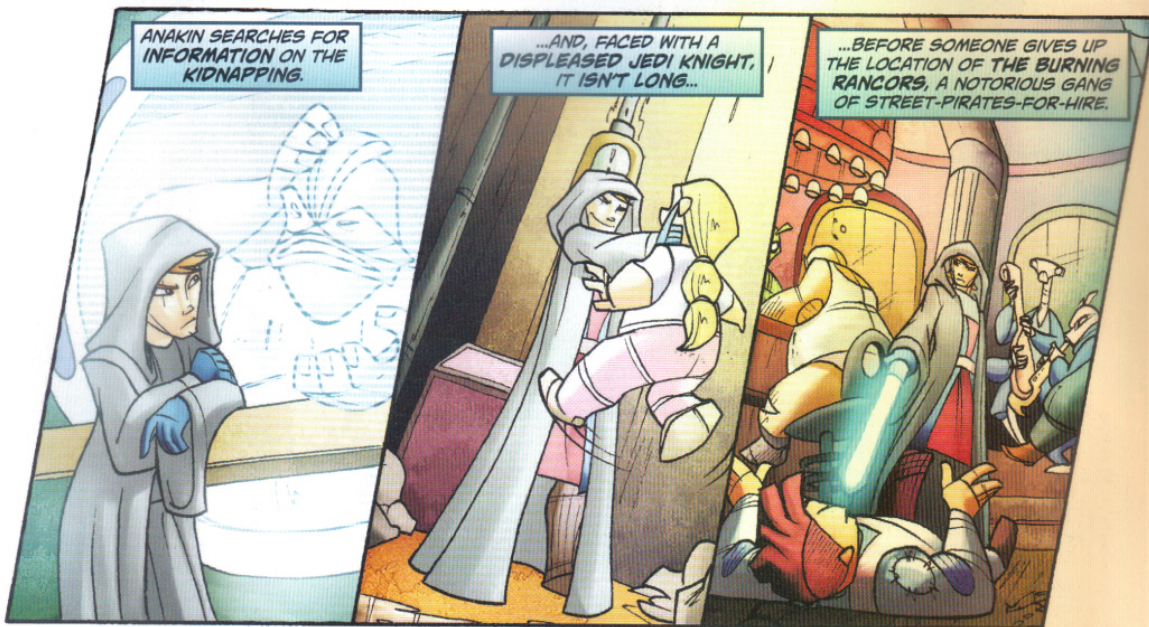
...AND  
MY WIFE!

**MASTER YODA SAYS**  
THE **KIDNAPPERS** MAY  
STILL BE HIDING **ON-  
PLANET**, **MASTER  
SKYWALKER**.

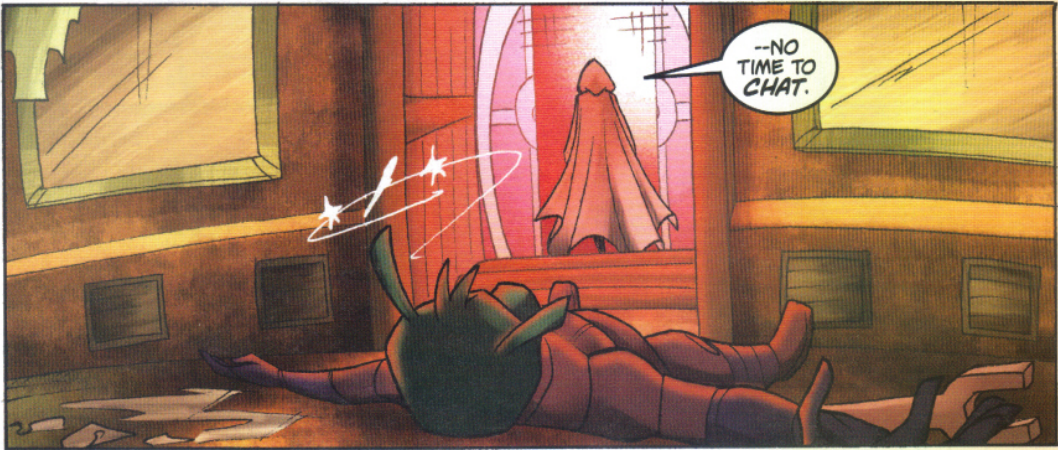
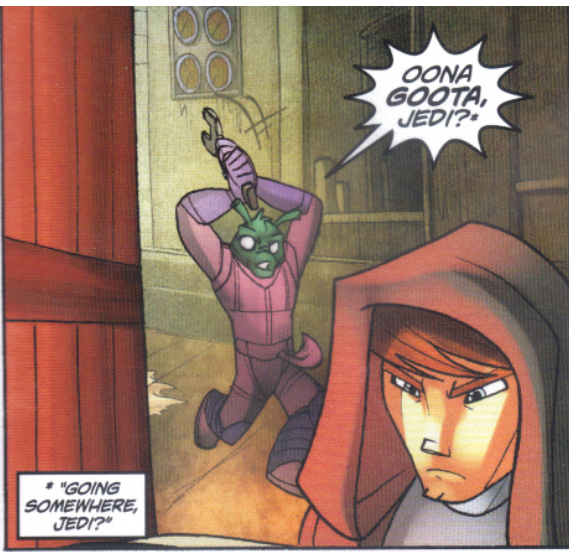
JUST STAY  
AND **MONITOR**  
**COMMUNICATIONS**,  
SNIPS...

...THIS IS  
**ONE MISSION** I  
NEED TO **HANDLE**  
**ALONE**.

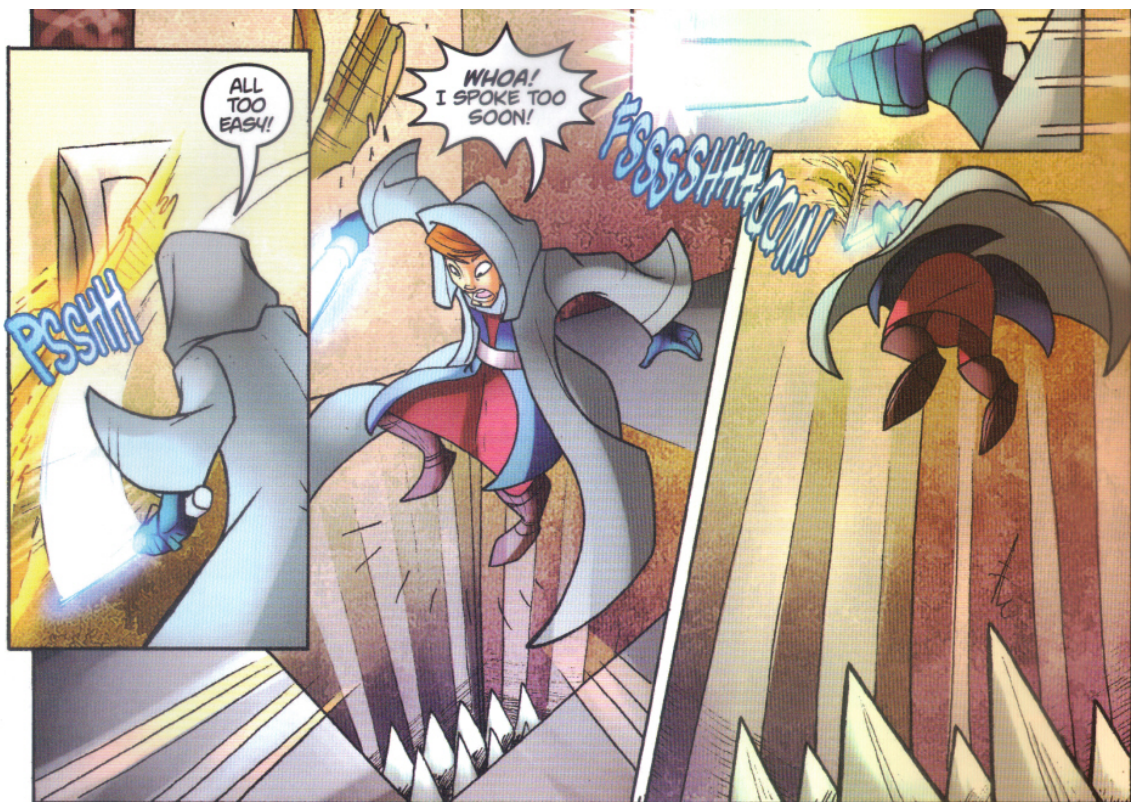




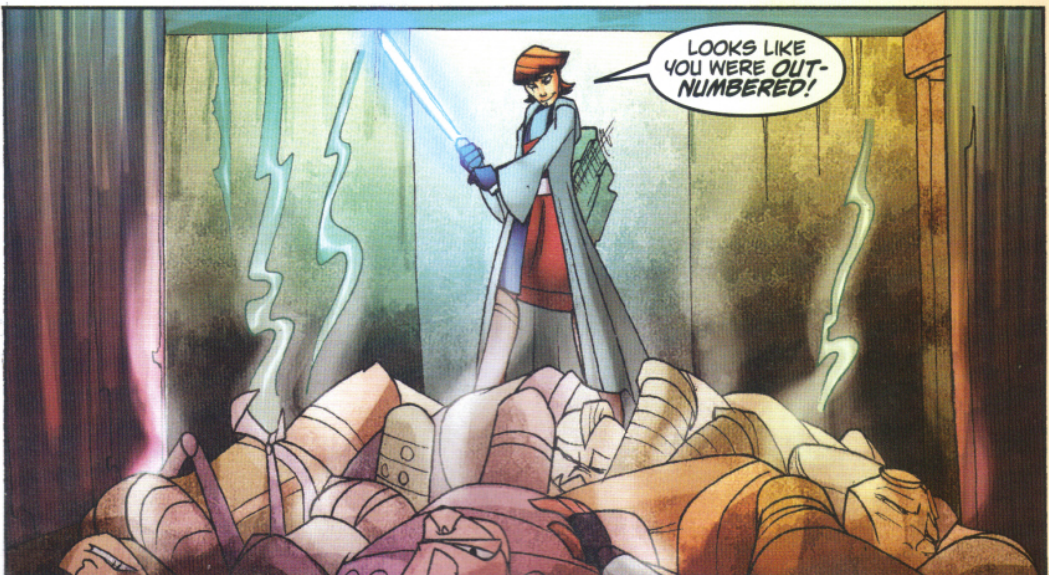
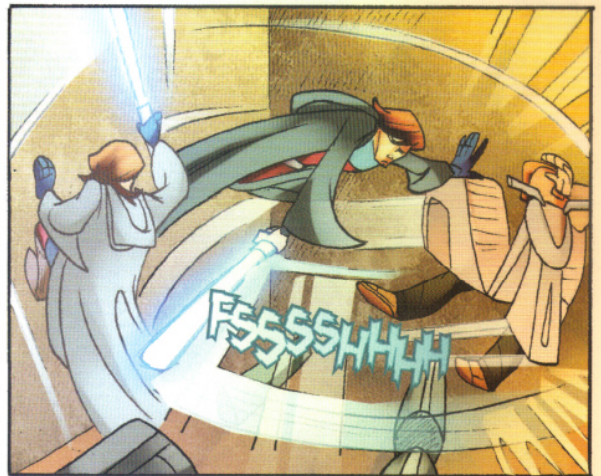














SHORTLY...

WHAT IN THE NAME  
OF THE SITH DID  
YOU GO AND DO,  
LASER-BRAIN?!

--YOU'RE THE  
ONE WHO STOLE  
THE *WRONG*  
SENATOR!

NO, THE ONE  
I NABBED IS  
DEFINITELY  
HER--

WHAT  
DID I  
DO?

--THAT THERE IS  
*SENATOR AMIDALA*.  
JUST LIKE THE PICTURE  
*DOOKU* DONE  
SHOWED US.

THEN WHO DID  
I CAPTURE, WAMPA-  
BREATH?!

MINE'S AMIDALA  
-- IT'S YOU WHO  
WENT AN' NABBED  
A *CLONE-DROID-  
WHATCHA-  
MACALLIT!*

WHA--?

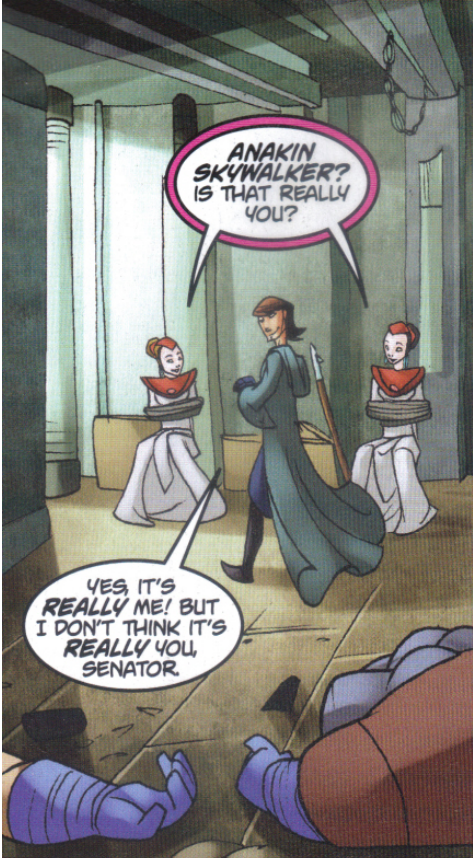
I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT  
*YOU GUYS...*

CLONK

BONK

...BUT I'M  
STARTING TO SEE  
*DOUBLE!*



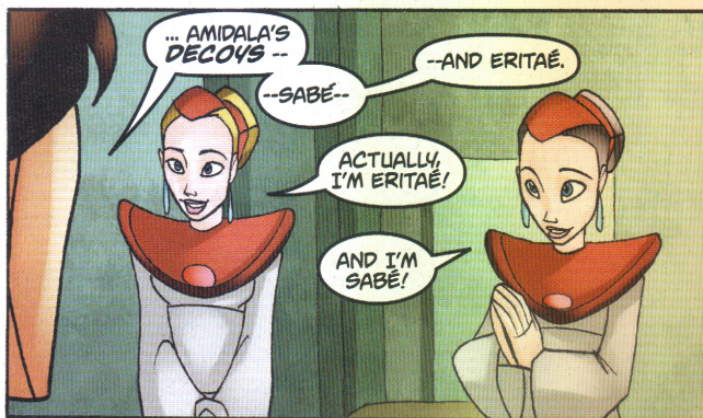


ANAKIN  
SKYWALKER?  
IS THAT REALLY  
YOU?

YES, IT'S  
REALLY ME! BUT  
I DON'T THINK IT'S  
REALLY YOU,  
SENATOR.



IN FACT, I'M  
PRETTY SURE  
IT'S...



... AMIDALA'S  
DECOYS --

--AND ERITAE.

--SABÉ--

ACTUALLY,  
I'M ERITAE!

AND I'M  
SABÉ!

THE NEXT  
MORNING  
AT THE  
GALACTIC  
SENATE.

THERE SHE IS,  
THE REAL SENATOR.  
SAFE AND SOUND, JUST  
AS THE COUNCIL  
PLANNED ALL  
ALONG.

WHEN WE HEARD  
THE SEPARATISTS  
HAD PAID TO HAVE  
HER KIDNAPPED...

AND YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE LET ME KNOW  
IN ADVANCE?

I WAS  
WORRIED  
ABOUT HER,  
OBI-WAN.

~SIGH~  
TYPICAL  
BUREAUCRATS--

SOMETIMES  
WE HAVE TO  
CONCEAL THE  
TRUTH, EVEN  
FROM THOSE  
CLOSEST TO  
US, ANAKIN...

WOULD YOU  
HAVE FOUGHT  
AS HARD IF YOU  
KNEW NEITHER  
WAS THE REAL  
SENATOR?

...WE TOOK  
HER TO A  
SECURE  
LOCATION  
AND USED  
HER DECOYS  
TO FLUSH  
THE VILLAINS  
OUT.

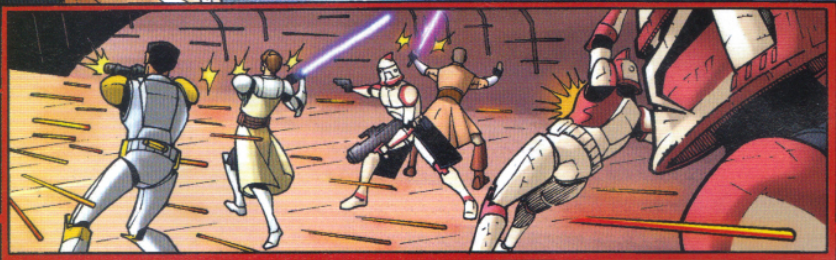
--EVERYTHING  
IN TRIPLICATE!

THE END!



IN AN ATTEMPT TO SHORTEN GENERAL GRIEVOUS' REACH, OBI-WAN KENOBI AND MACE WINDU HAVE LED A CLONE FORCE IN A DARING RAID AGAINST THE TAMBOR DEEP SPACE CENTRE, A GEONOSIAN WORKSHOP USED TO REPAIR SEPARATIST BATTLESHIPS.

THINGS ARE NOT GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.



SO I SUPPOSE THAT 'MINIMAL RESISTANCE' WE WERE TOLD ABOUT...

WAS **FLAWED INTELLIGENCE**, SIR? YES, I'M AFRAID SO...

DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO PUT MY **HELMET** ON.

WE NEED TO BREACH THE **SECURITY COMPLEX**, COMMANDER POND'S... ANY IDEAS?

**PLENTY**, SIR BUT THIS IS THE **SIMPLEST**.



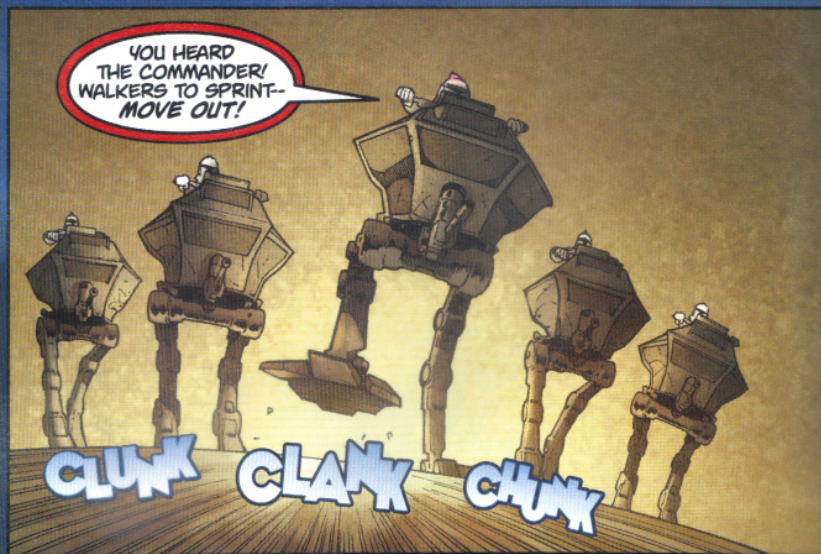
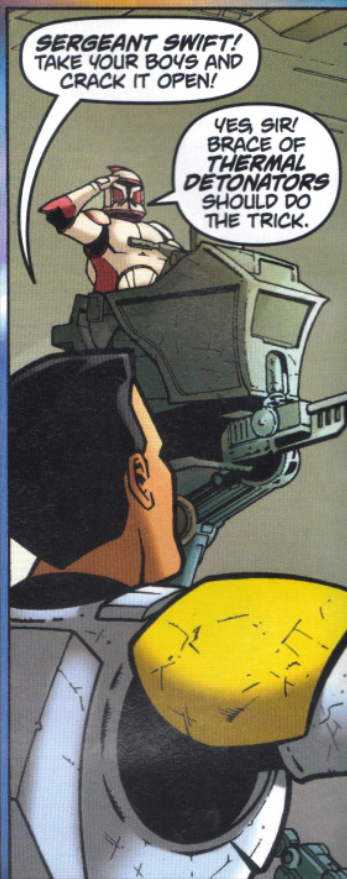




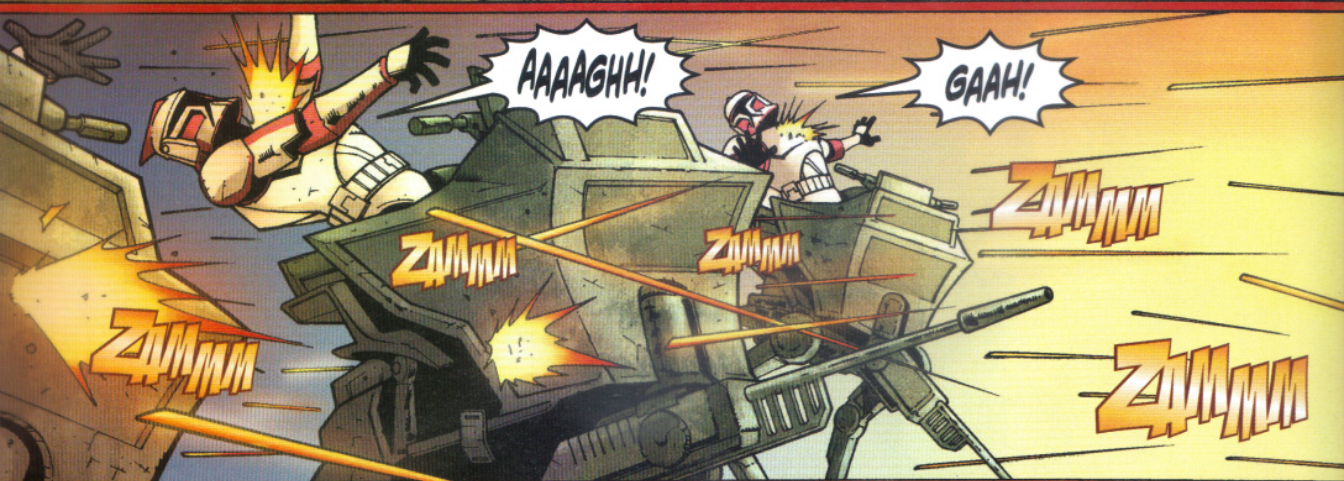
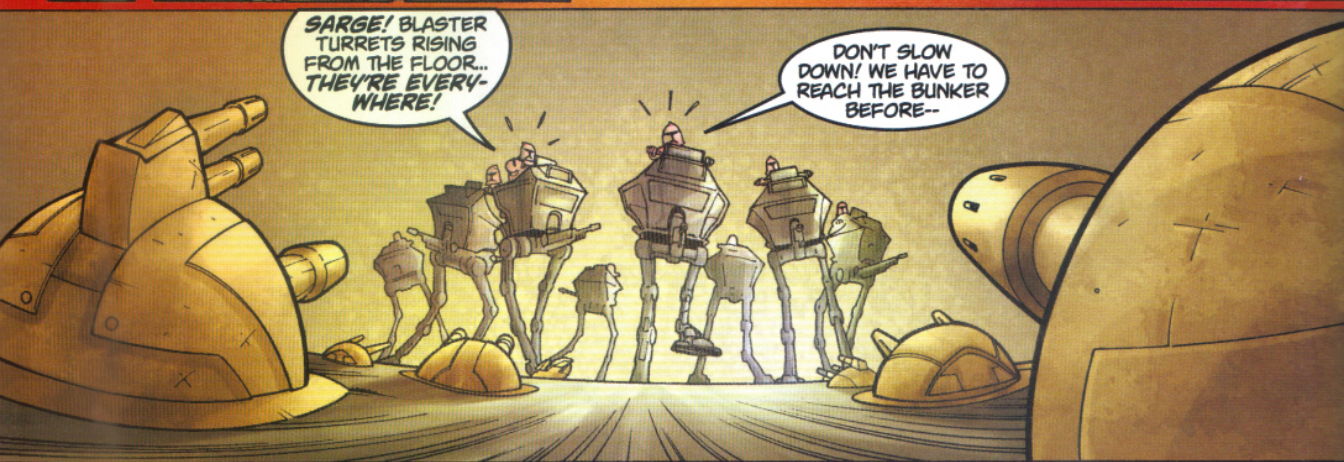
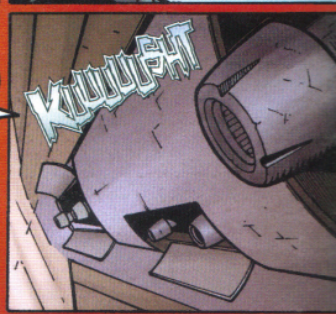
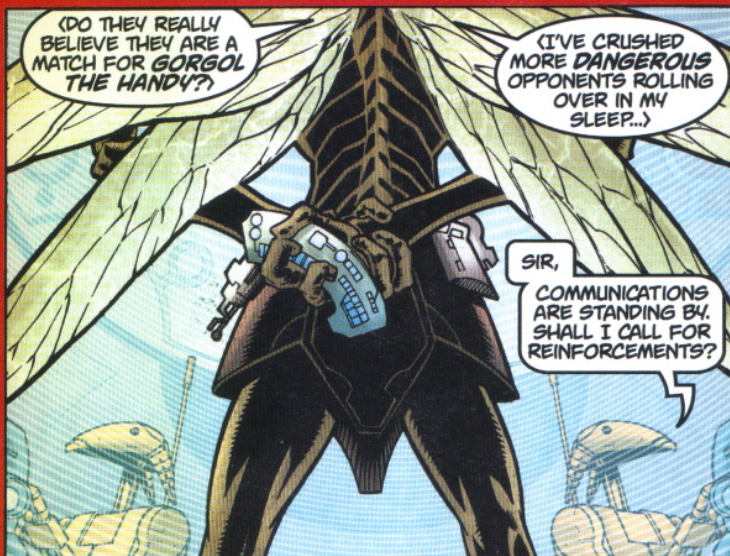


# THE DROID DECEPTION

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE  
COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES



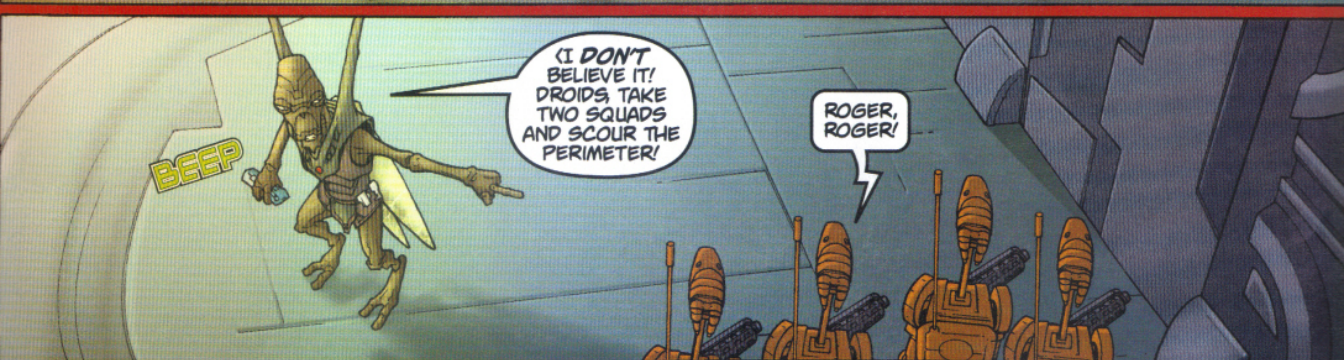
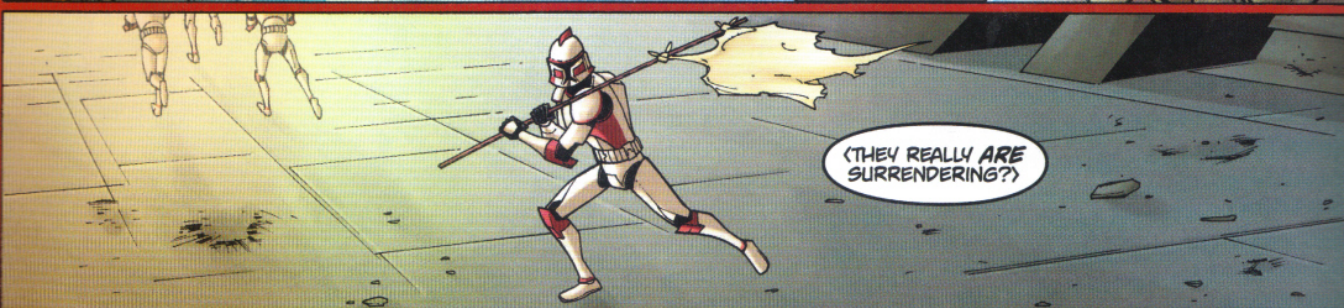




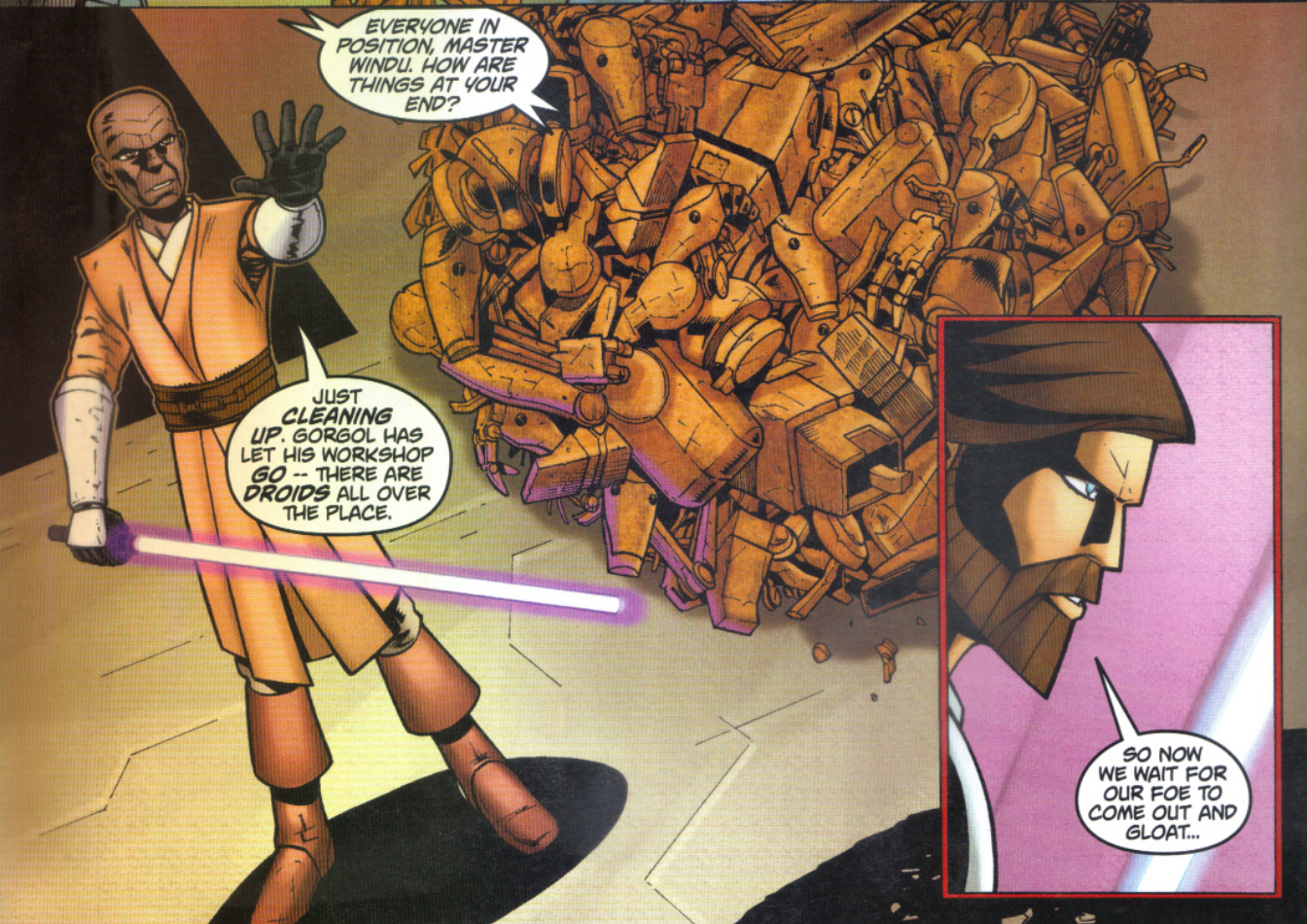
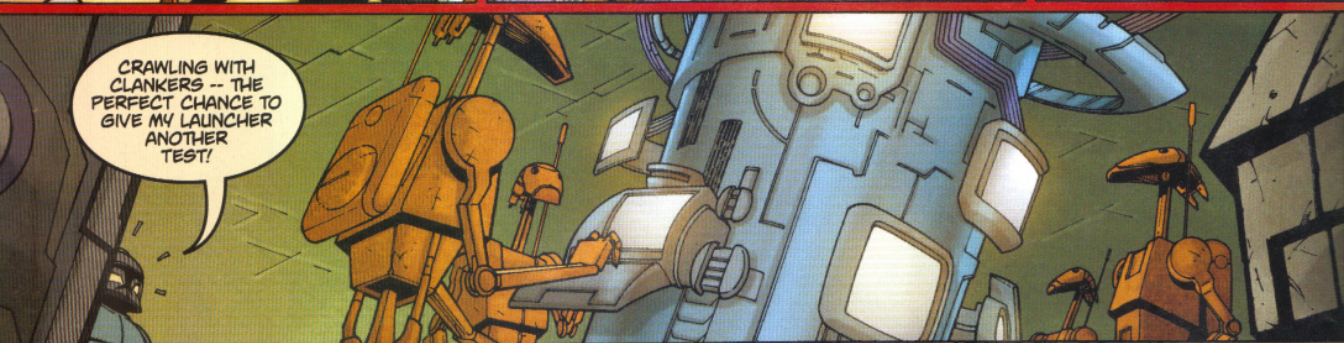




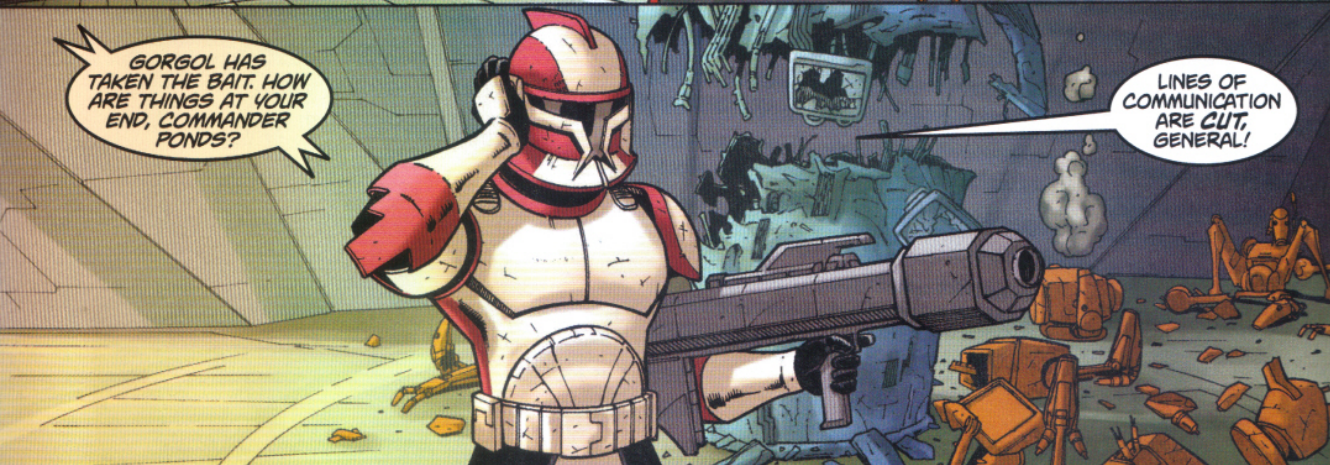
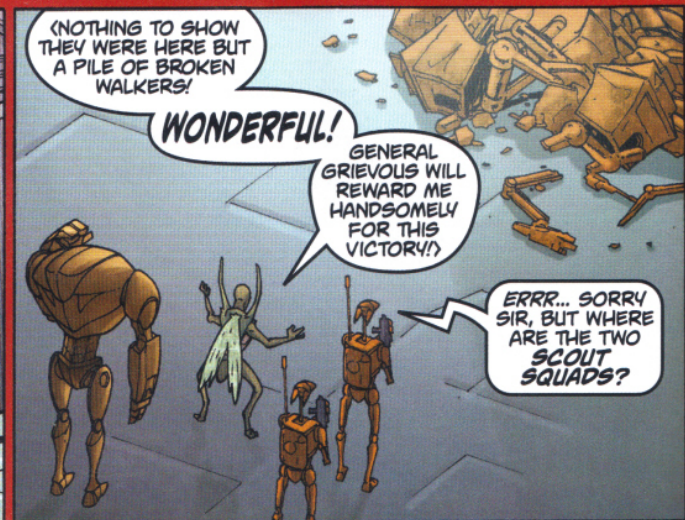
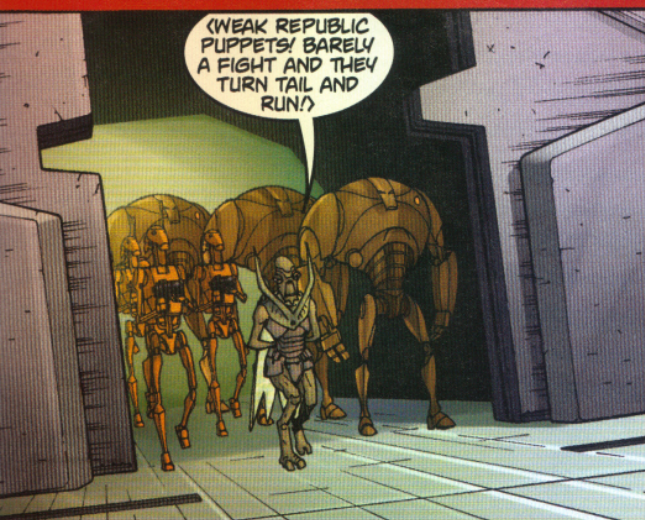












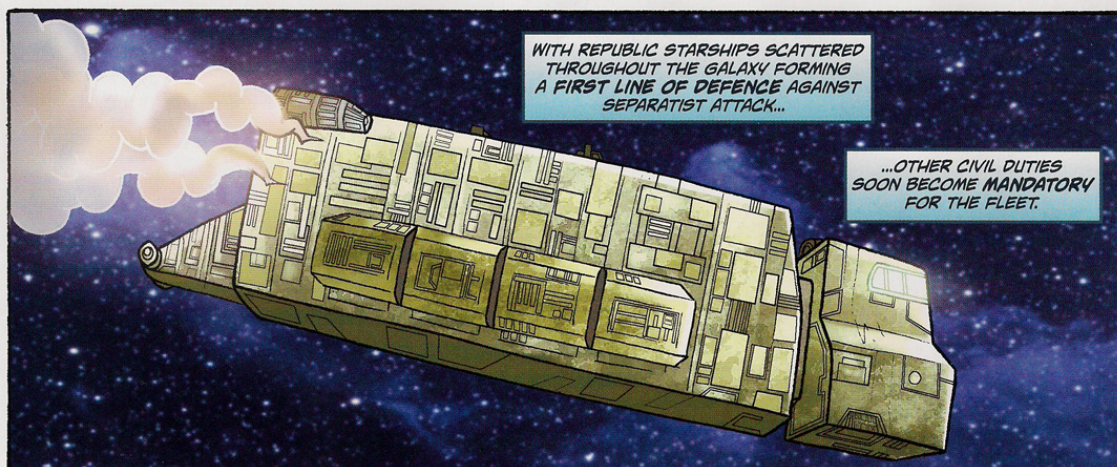






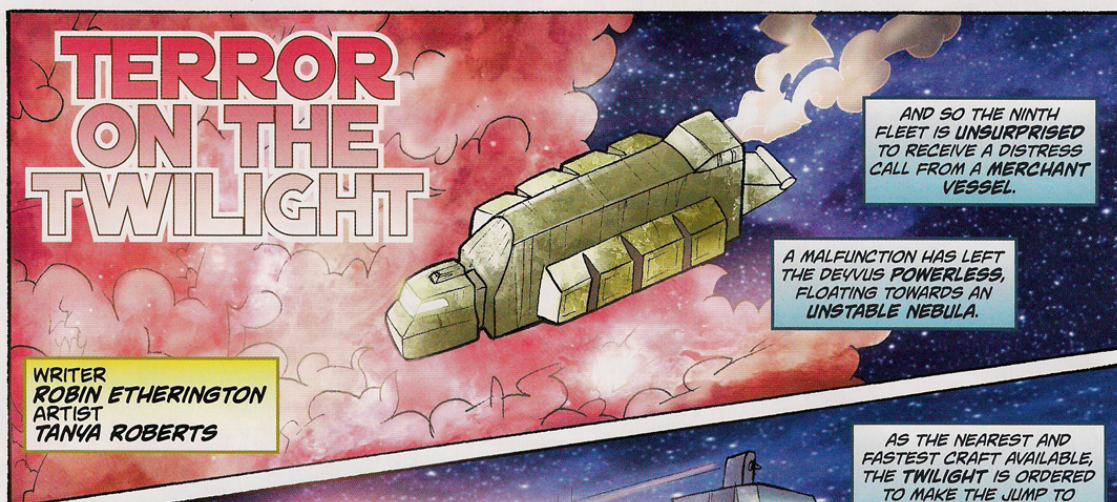






WITH REPUBLIC STARSHIPS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY FORMING A FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST SEPARATIST ATTACK...

...OTHER CIVIL DUTIES SOON BECOME MANDATORY FOR THE FLEET.

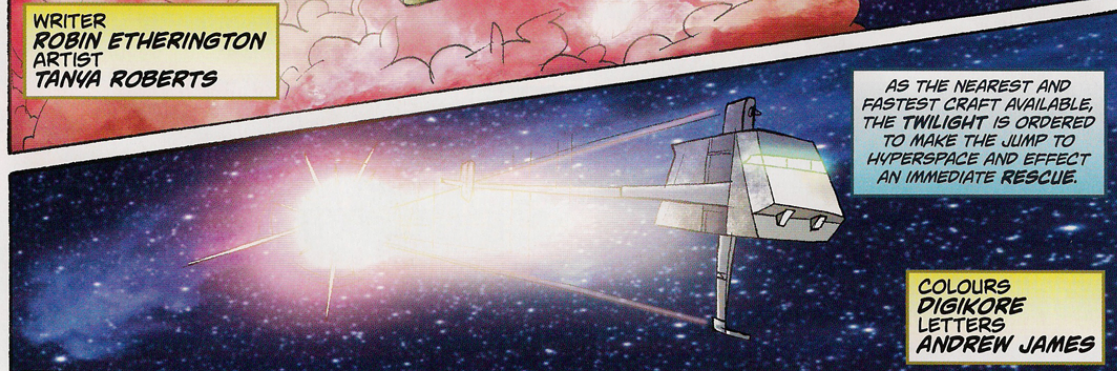


# TERROR ON THE TWILIGHT

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

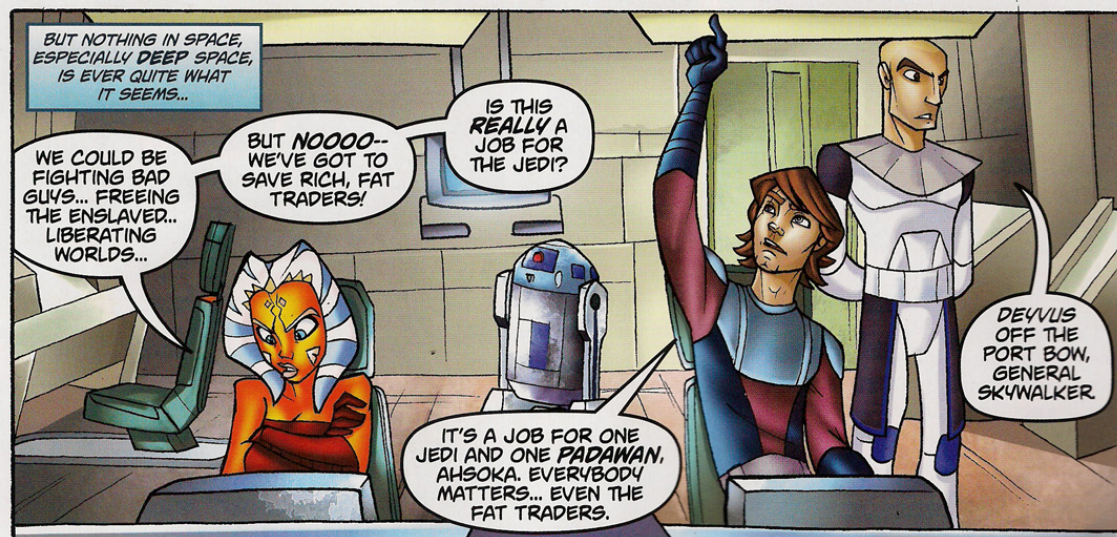
AND SO THE NINTH FLEET IS UNSURPRISED TO RECEIVE A DISTRESS CALL FROM A MERCHANT VESSEL.

A MALFUNCTION HAS LEFT THE DEVVUS POWERLESS, FLOATING TOWARDS AN UNSTABLE NEBULA.



AS THE NEAREST AND FASTEST CRAFT AVAILABLE, THE TWILIGHT IS ORDERED TO MAKE THE JUMP TO HYPERSPACE AND EFFECT AN IMMEDIATE RESCUE.

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES



BUT NOTHING IN SPACE, ESPECIALLY DEEP SPACE, IS EVER QUITE WHAT IT SEEMS...

WE COULD BE FIGHTING BAD GUYS... FREEING THE ENSLAVED... LIBERATING WORLDS...

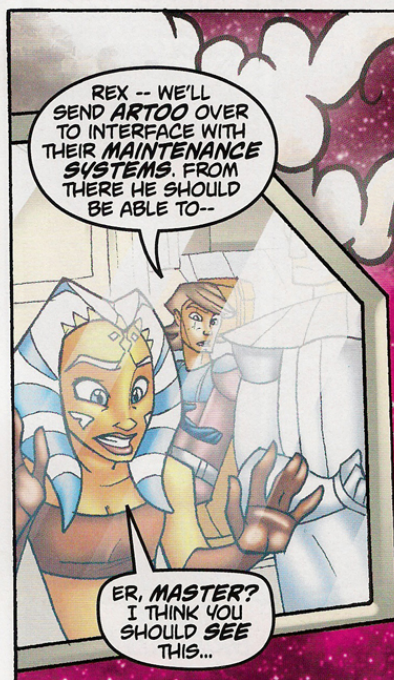
BUT NOOOO-- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE RICH, FAT TRADERS!

IS THIS REALLY A JOB FOR THE JEDI?

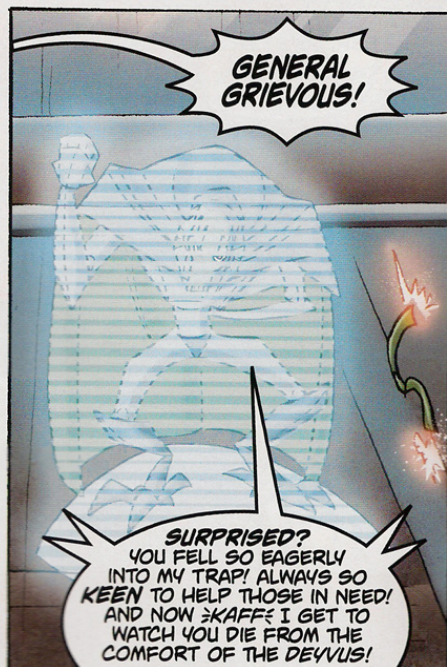
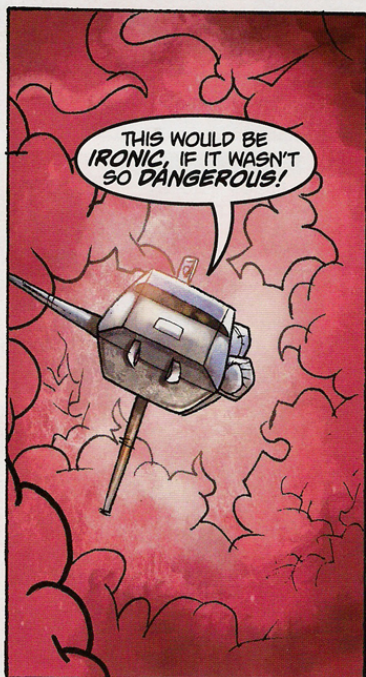
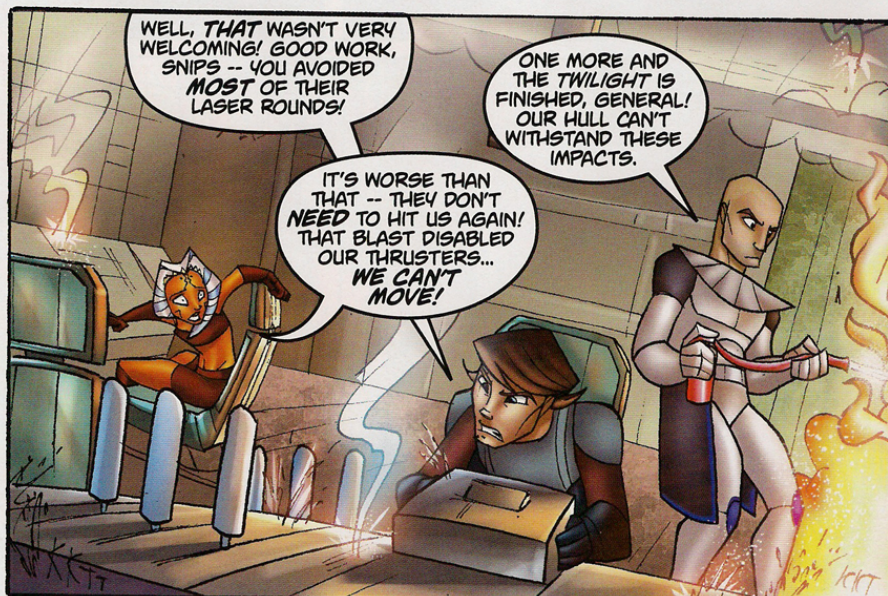
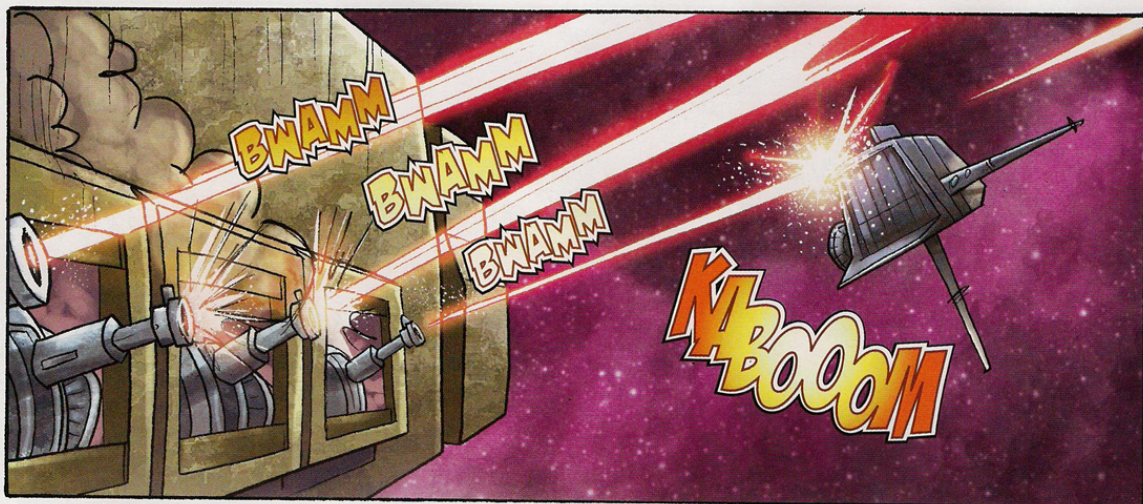
IT'S A JOB FOR ONE JEDI AND ONE PADAWAN, AHSOKA. EVERYBODY MATTERS... EVEN THE FAT TRADERS.

DEVVUS OFF THE PORT BOW, GENERAL SKYWALKER.

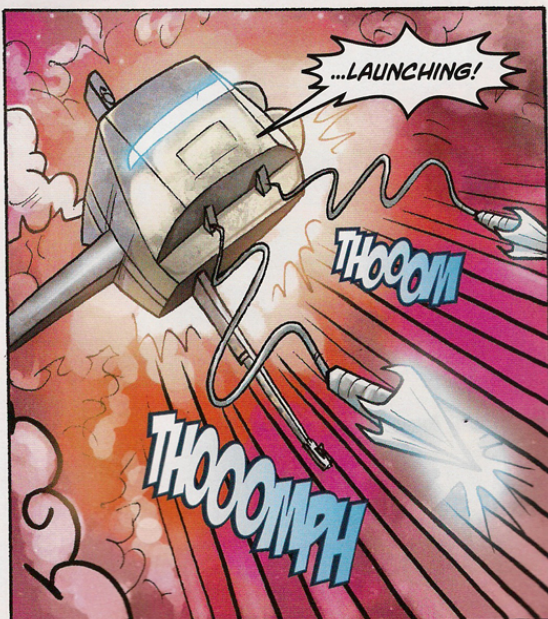
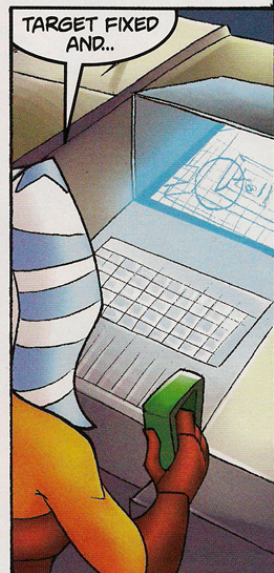
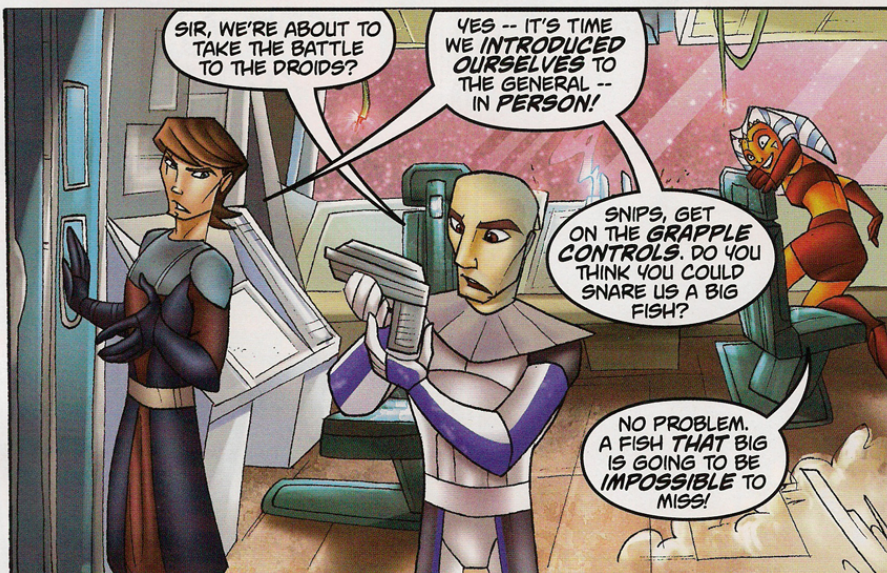




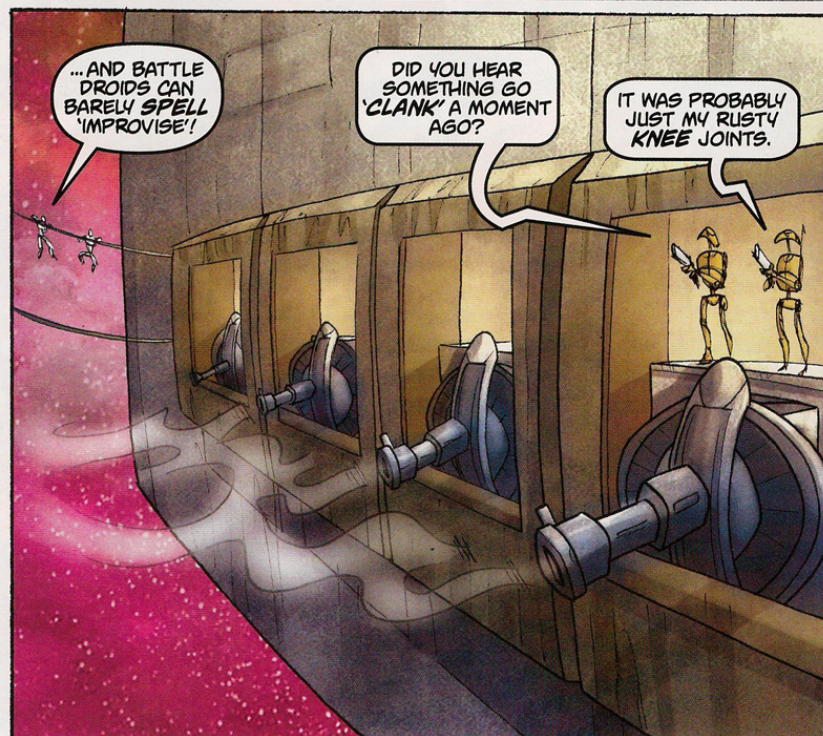
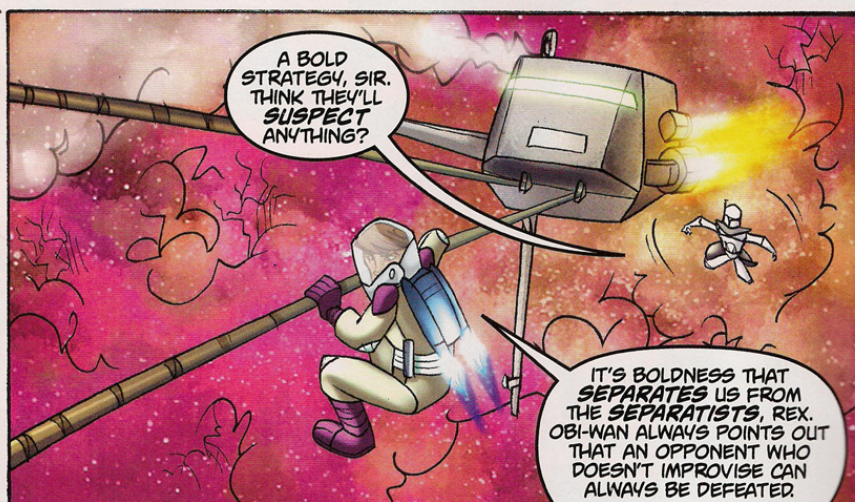
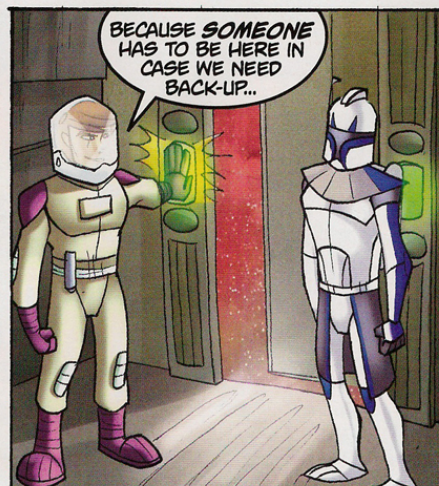




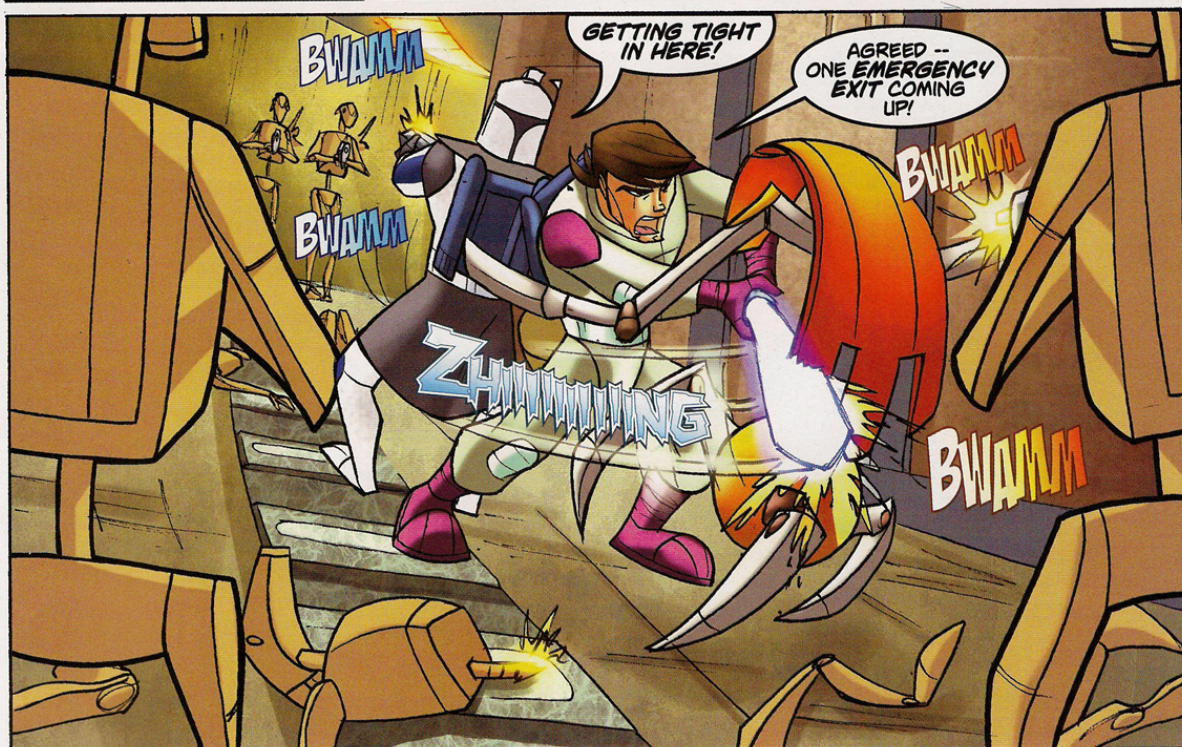
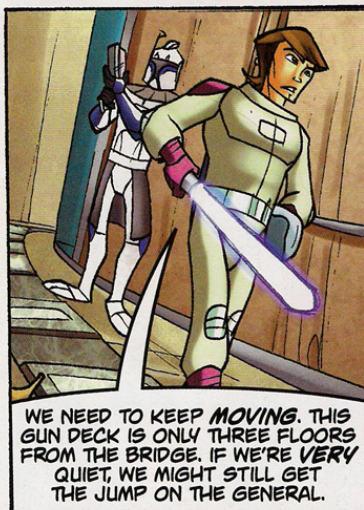
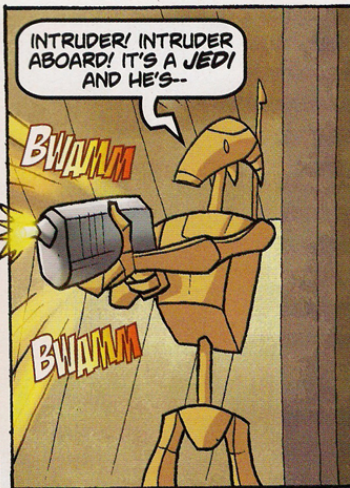




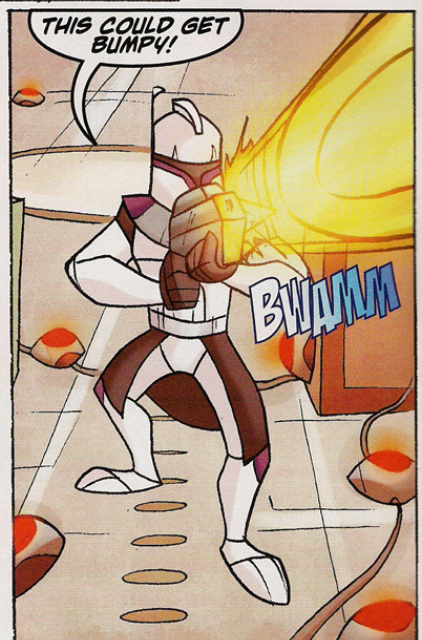
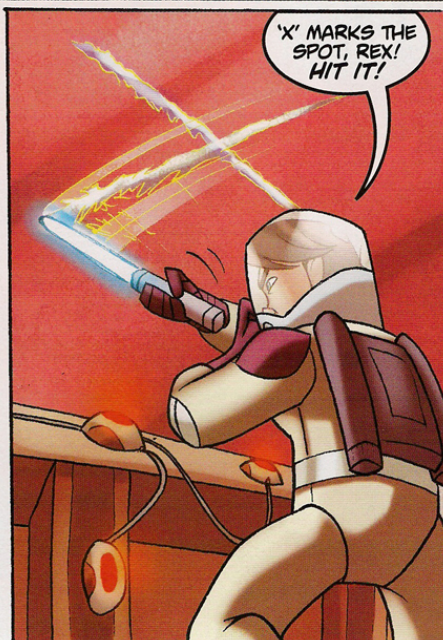
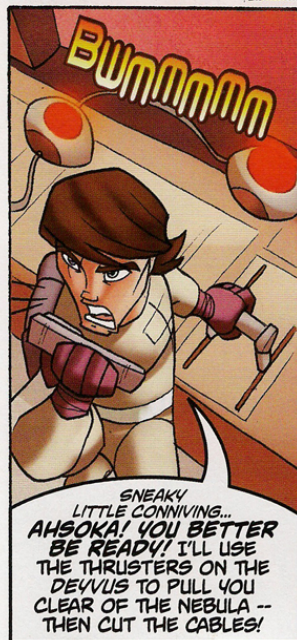
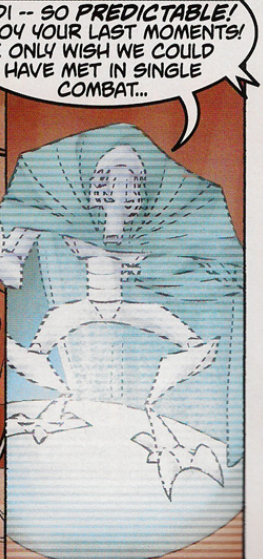
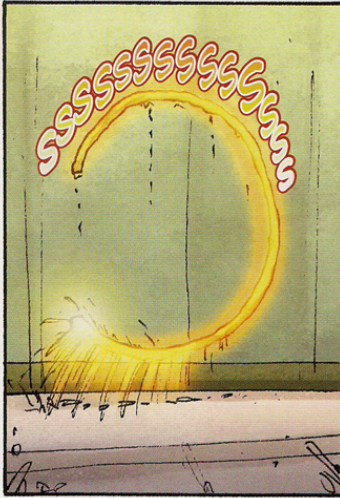




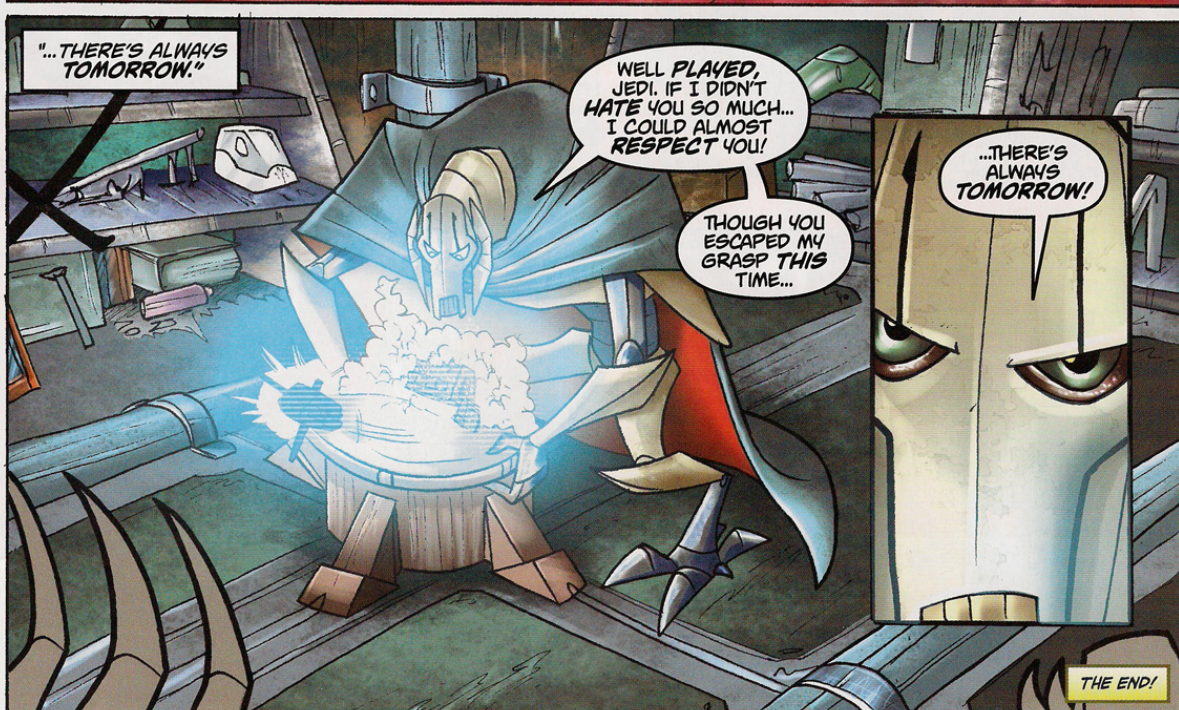
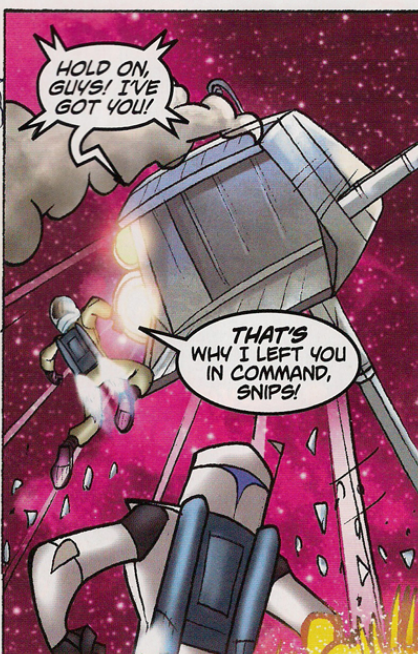














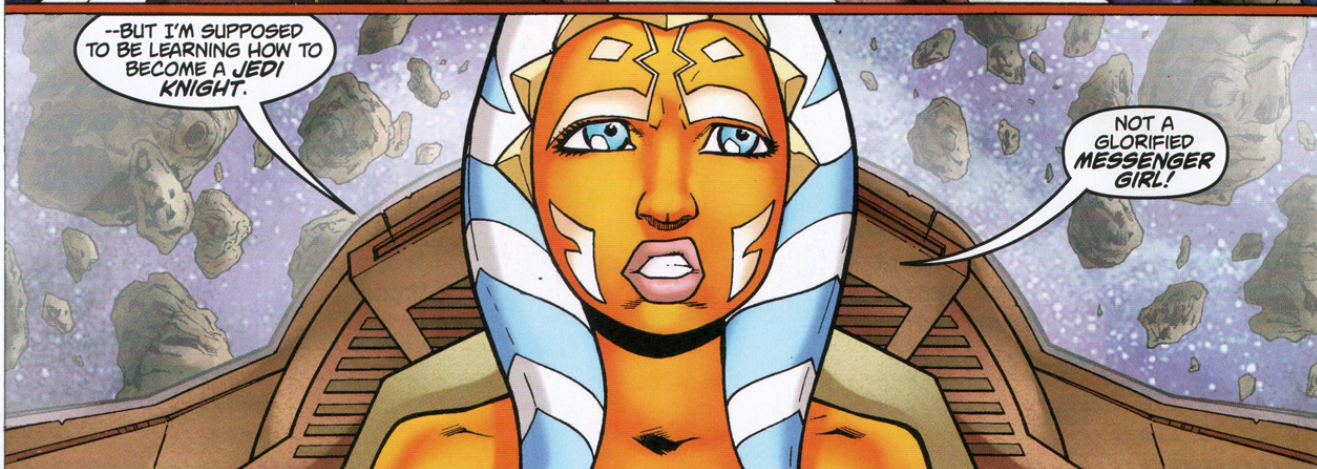


WRITER  
TOM DEFALCO  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE

# MILK RUN TO MAARKA!



COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES





"DROP OFF  
THE DATA FILE,  
AHSOKA".

"MEET UP  
WITH US ON THE  
RESOLUTE,  
AHSOKA".

FFF. AT LEAST  
I CAN USE THIS  
ASTEROID FIELD TO  
SHARPEN MY  
PILOTING  
SKILLS.

"DON'T GET  
INTO TROUBLE,  
AHSOKA".

DWEE-  
BWEEEEEEEP!

RELAX,  
ARTOO! I'M  
IN COMPLETE  
CONTROL.

I'VE GOT  
THE SITUATION  
WELL IN--

HAAAAHHH!

VULTURE  
DROIDS!







EVASIVE  
MANOEUVRES!

CAN'T  
LET THEM  
SPOT US!



THE  
SEPARATISTS  
MUST BE PLANNING A  
SNEAK ATTACK ON  
MAARKA!

DOO-BWEEF-  
BWOOO.



RIGHT, ARTOO!  
WE'VE GOTTA FIND A  
WAY TO **SNEAK** PAST  
THOSE FIGHTERS  
AND **WARN** THE  
BASE.



JUST MY  
**LUCK!** ANOTHER  
FIGHTER WAS  
TRAILING THE  
SQUAD!

MUST'VE  
ASSIGNED HIM  
TO WATCH THEIR  
**BACKS.**



I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT  
**YOU--**

--BUT I'M  
GLAD I DIDN'T EAT  
**LUNCH** BEFORE  
THIS MISSION!




LET'S SEE  
HOW OUR FRIEND  
LIKES BEING ON  
THE **RECEIVING**  
END--!



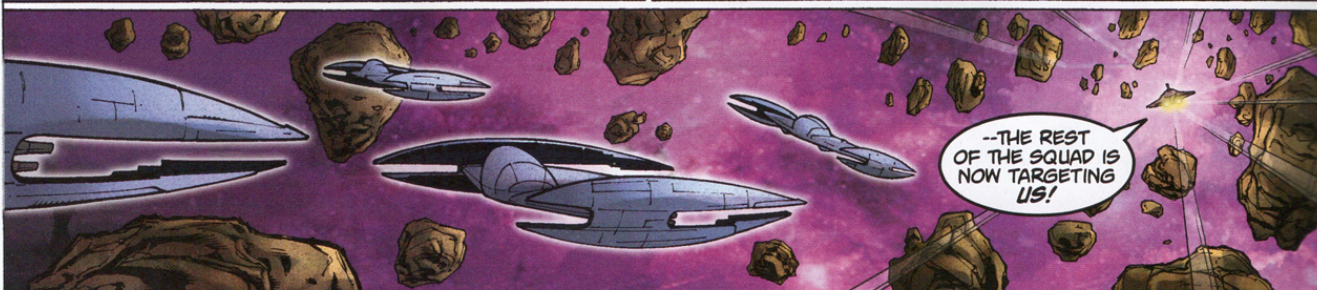


HERE'S  
THE GOOD  
NEWS, ARTOO --  
WE CAN **SCRATCH**  
ONE DROID  
FIGHTER!

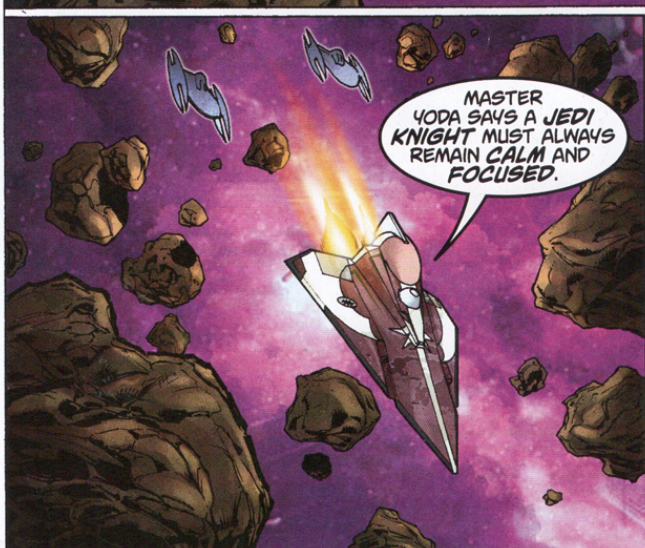
OOO-DWEEE-  
BWOOOO!




BUT **VEAH**,  
I KNOW THE BAD NEWS  
IS REALLLLLLLLY  
BAD--



--THE REST  
OF THE SQUAD  
IS NOW TARGETING  
US!



MASTER  
YODA SAYS A JEDI  
KNIGHT MUST ALWAYS  
REMAIN CALM AND  
FOCUSED.



RATHER DIFFICULT  
UNDER THE CURRENT  
CIRCUMSTANCES!



**WHOA!**  
THAT WAS A  
LITTLE CLOSE FOR  
COMFORT!





WAY  
TOO  
CLOSE!

M-MUST  
REMAIN CALM  
AND FOCUSED..

EEEE-  
DOOO-  
BWEE-  
BWOOD!



ARE YOU *SURE*, ARTOO?  
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO  
LOSE THE STARBOARD  
CANNON.

CAN'T  
YOU FIX  
IT?

SCHWEE-  
BWEE-  
BOOO!



ALL RIGHT,  
CALM DOWN!

NO ONE'S  
ASKING YOU  
TO WORK  
MIRACLES.



ALTHOUGH  
WE COULD REALLY  
USE ONE.

EVEN MASTER  
SKYWALKER WOULD  
HAVE TROUBLE TAKING  
ON SIX DROID FIGHTERS  
WITH ONLY *ONE* LASER  
CANNON.



GOTTA FIND  
A WAY TO EVEN  
THE ODDS -- AND  
FAST!

DEEE-  
DOOO-  
DWEEEP!



I'M NOT  
GIVING UP. *MAARKA*  
IS COUNTING  
ON US.

THERE MUST  
BE A WAY TO--  
OF COURSE!





ALL I HAVE  
TO DO IS FOLLOW  
MASTER YODA'S  
ADVICE--



HANG  
ON!

THIS IS  
GOING TO BE  
A BUMPY  
RIDE!




FOCUS  
MY MIND--



--REACH  
OUT TO THE  
ASTEROID  
FIELD...



THIS  
IS IT!



MAY THE  
FORCE BE  
WITH ME--!





WE  
DID  
IT!

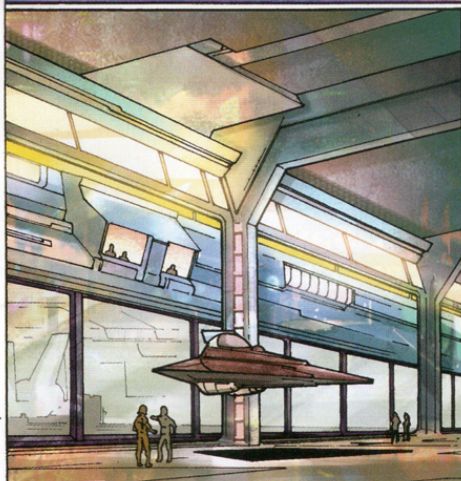
NEXT STOP,  
MAARKA--!



AFTER DELIVERING THE FILE TO THE MAARKA BASE, AHSOKA SOON PROCEEDS TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT IN THE OUTER RIM...

STAR DESTROYER RESOLUTE, THIS IS PADAWAN AHSOKA TANO REQUESTING PERMISSION TO LAND

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, PADAWAN TANO.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SNIPS?

NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, MASTER SKYWALKER



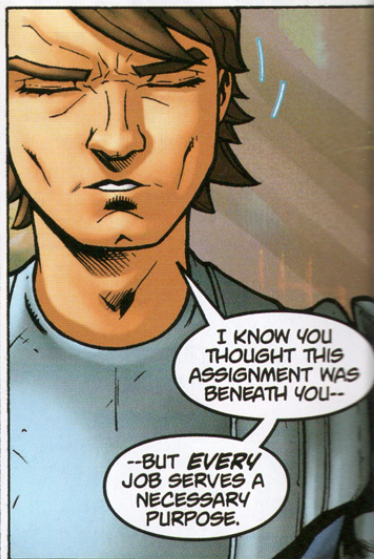
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP?

YOU WENT JOYRIDING IN THE ASTEROID FIELD?



I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I DID--

--IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.



I KNOW YOU THOUGHT THIS ASSIGNMENT WAS BENEATH YOU--

--BUT EVERY JOB SERVES A NECESSARY PURPOSE.



I KNOW, MASTER.

TRUST ME-- I ALREADY KNOW!

TWEE-DEET!

THE END!



SOMEWHERE IN THE  
CORE SYSTEMS, CLOSE  
TO CORUSCANT...

BLAST THESE  
SEPARATISTS  
AND THEIR SILLY  
WAR DROIDS...

BOOM

...THE REPUBLIC  
IS WASTING TOO  
MUCH TIME  
REPELLING  
THESE SNEAK  
ATTACKS!

WELL, THAT'S  
THE LAST OF THEM  
FOR NOW, ARFOUR --  
TIME TO HEAD  
HOME.

CRUNK

FWEEEEEE!

SOUNDS LIKE  
I JUST TROD  
ON A WAMPA'S  
TOE! THIS IS  
WHY I HATE  
FLYING!

I WON'T BE  
GOING ANYWHERE  
UNTIL I GET THAT  
LITTLE ASTROMECH  
REPAIRED.

LET'S SEE IF  
THERE'S ANYONE  
NEARBY WHO  
CAN...

...AH-HAH,  
INDUSTRIAL CENTRE  
ON THE THIRD PLANET.  
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE  
ABLE TO HELP A  
JEDI KNIGHT IN  
NEED.



# FORECLOSURE

ATTENTION, STARFIGHTER -- THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA. PLEASE STATE YOUR BUSINESS OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO ESCORT YOU OFF-PLANET.

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

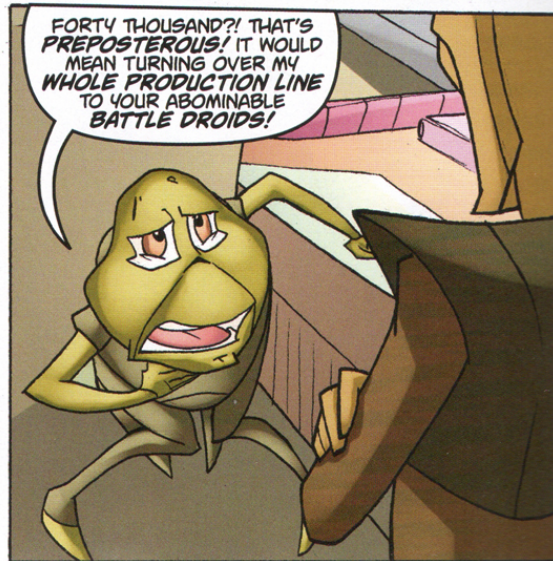
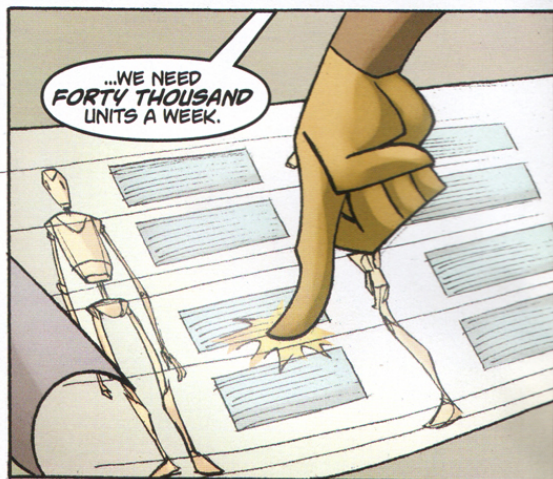
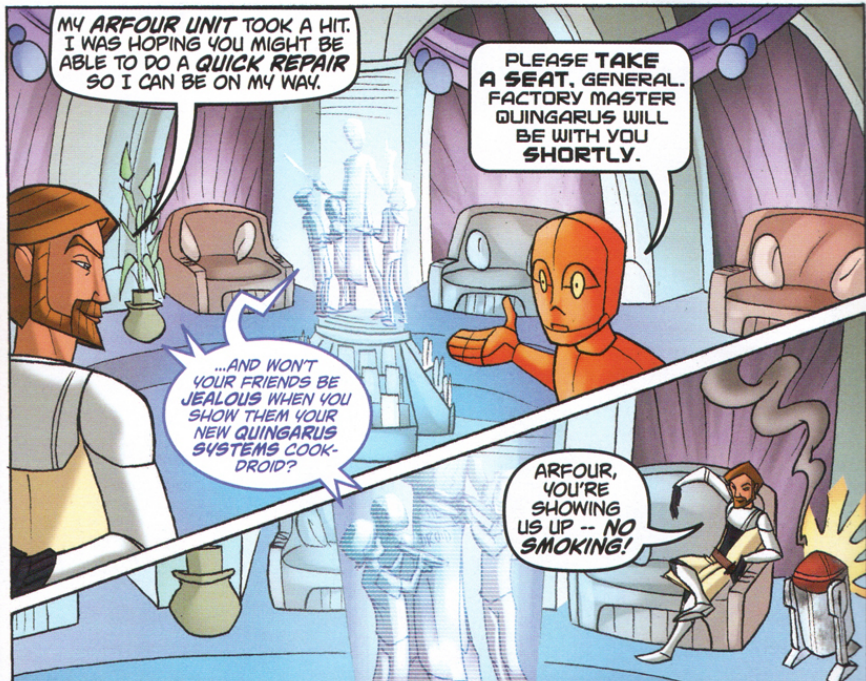
THIS IS GENERAL KENOBI OF THE REPUBLIC -- I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH MY ASTROMECH.

IF YOU CAN PATCH HER UP FOR ME, I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

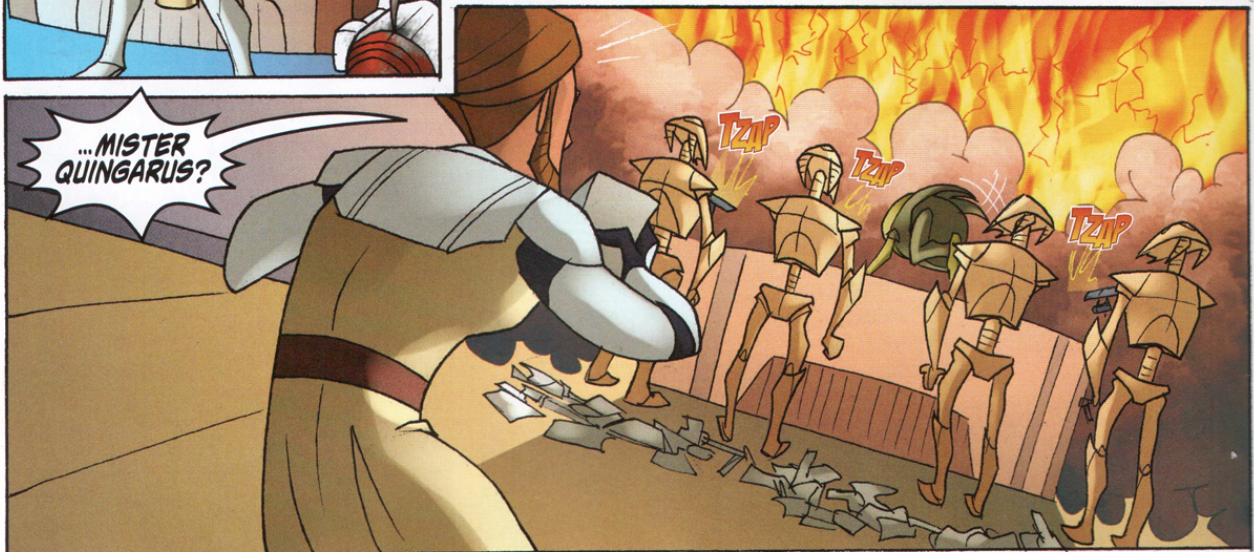
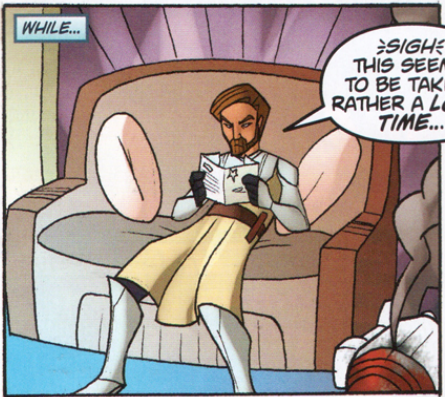
UNDERSTOOD, GENERAL KENOBI. PROCEED TO THE INDICATED LANDING BAY AND SOMEONE WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.



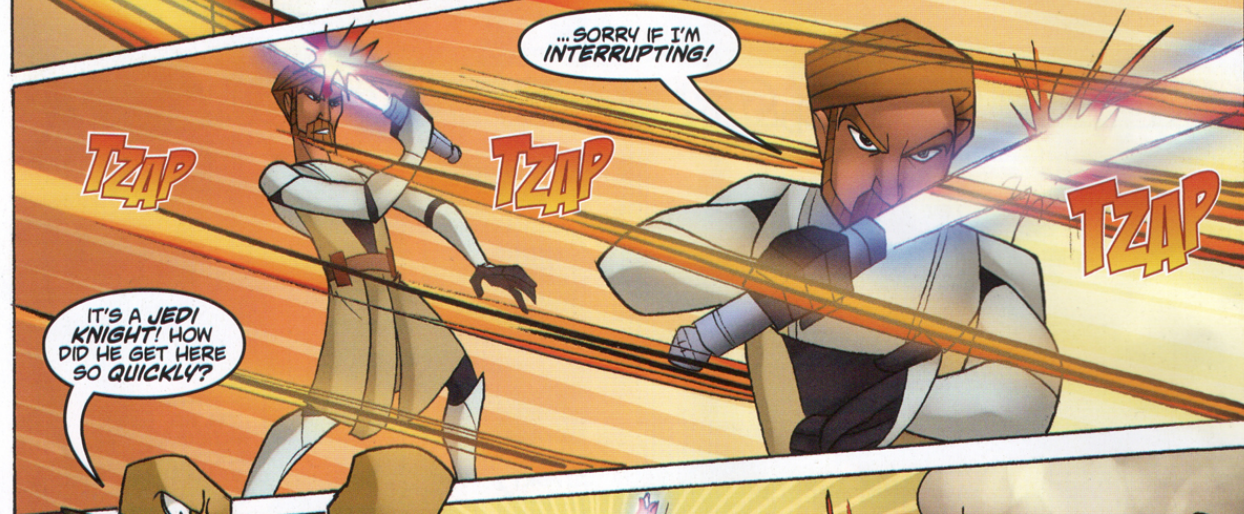
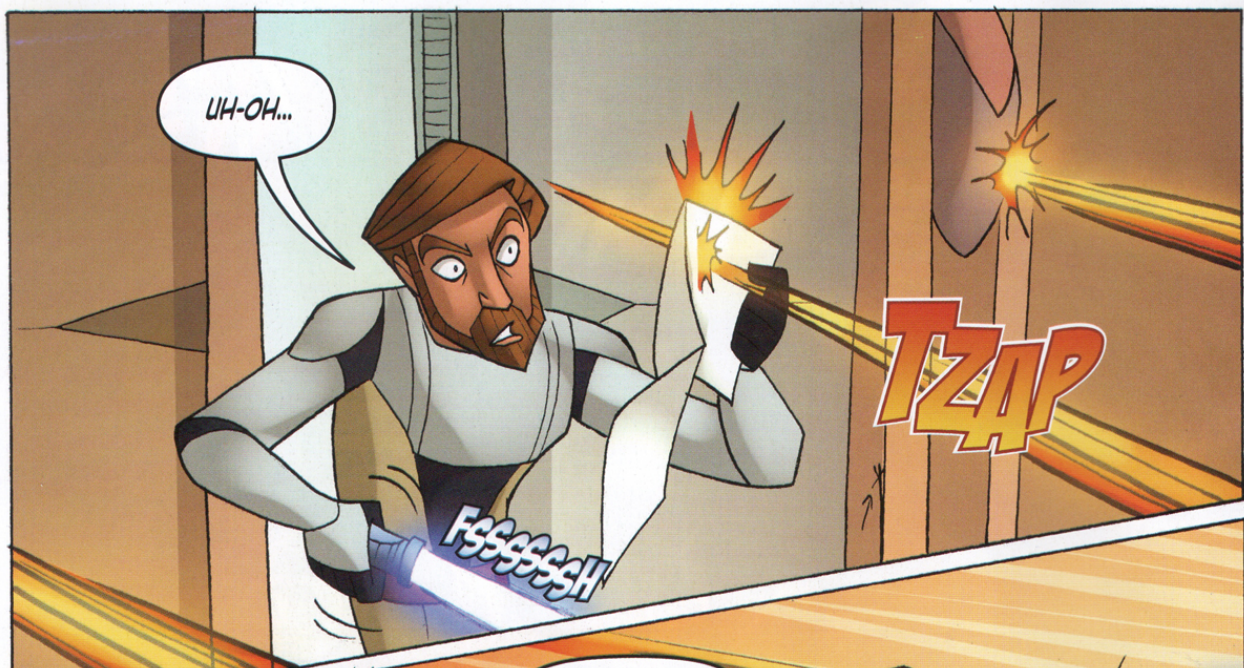




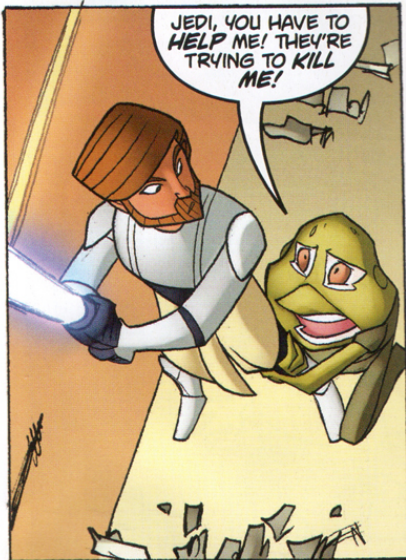
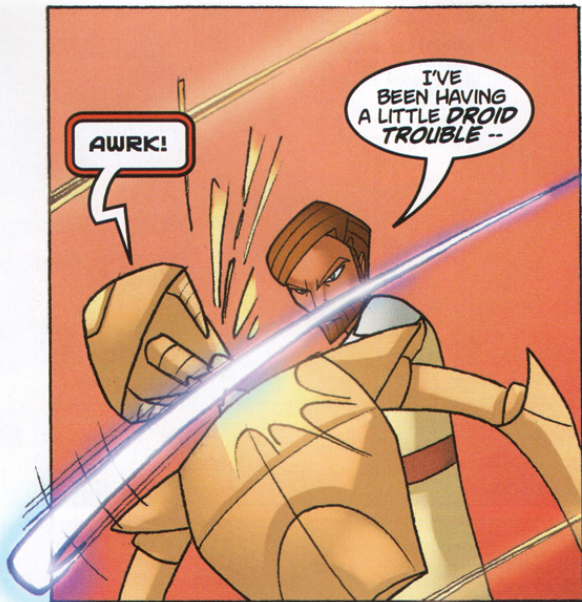




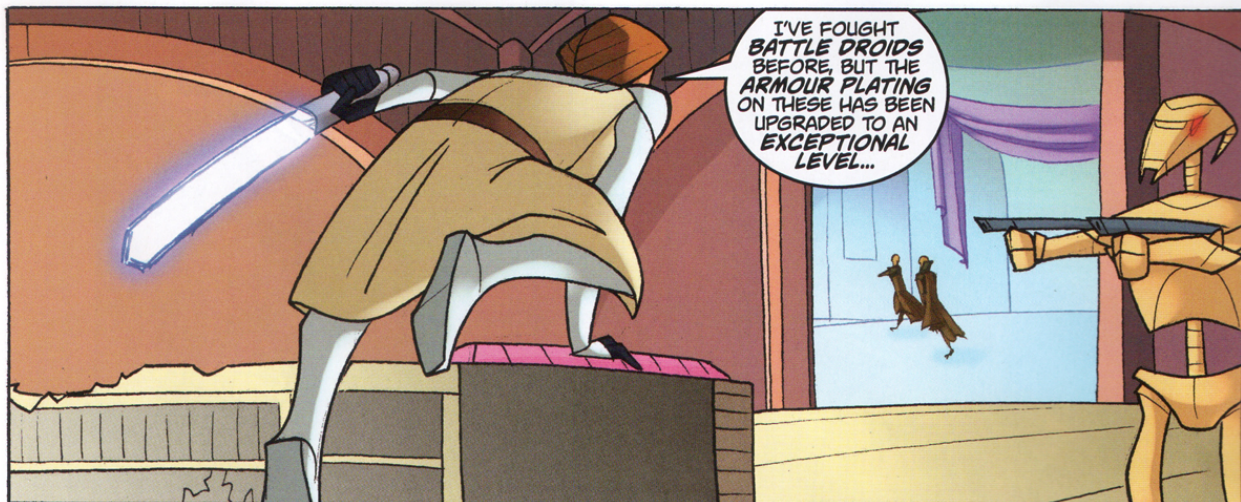












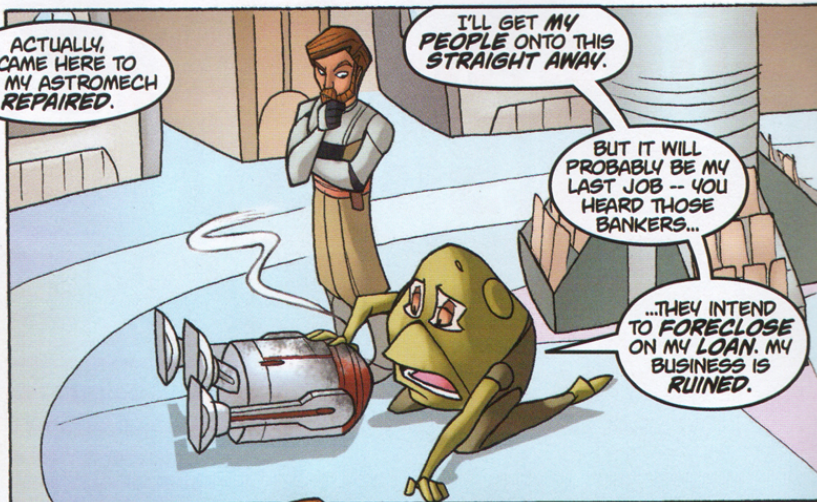




OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU SO MUCH. THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED POOR OL' QUINGARUS IF YOU HADN'T ARRIVED.

HOW CAN I EVER REPAV YOU?

ACTUALLY, I CAME HERE TO GET MY ASTROMECH REPAIRED.



I'LL GET MY PEOPLE ONTO THIS STRAIGHT AWAY.

BUT IT WILL PROBABLY BE MY LAST JOB -- YOU HEARD THOSE BANKERS...

...THEY INTEND TO FORECLOSE ON MY LOAN. MY BUSINESS IS RUINED.



HMMM... I HAVE AN IDEA THAT WOULD HELP US BOTH OUT.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT PROVIDING REPAIRS AND UPGRADES ON ALL OF THE REPUBLIC'S ASTROMECHS?

FOR A REASONABLE FEE, OF COURSE.

FOR THE WHOLE REPUBLIC? WHY, WITH THAT KIND OF MONEY, I COULD PAY OFF THE BANKING CLAN IN A DAY!

AND, SINCE YOU'D BE WORKING FOR THE REPUBLIC, WE'LL POST A GARRISON OF CLONE TROOPERS HERE TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET ANY MORE TROUBLE.

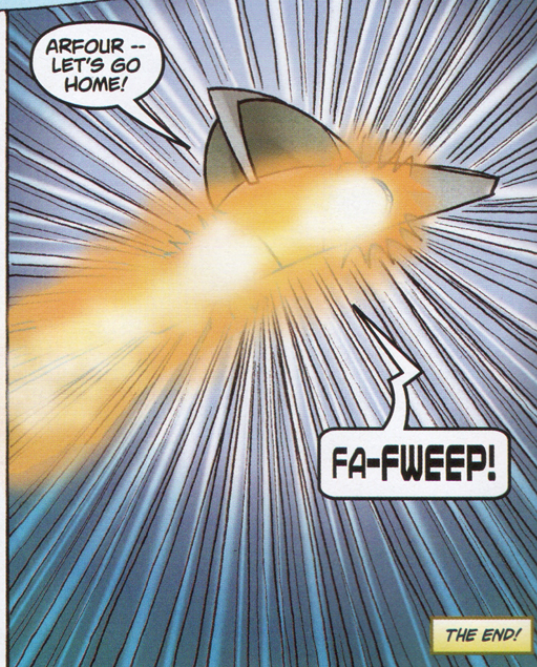
JUST IN CASE.

LATER...



THE FORCE WAS WITH ME THAT TIME -- BY PREVENTING THE BANKERS TAKING CONTROL OF QUINGARUS'S FACTORY, I'VE STOPPED THE POTENTIAL PRODUCTION OF MILLIONS OF WAR DROIDS.

THIS IS ONE BATTLE THE REPUBLIC WON BEFORE IT WAS EVEN BEGUN!



ARFOUR -- LET'S GO HOME!

FA-FWEEP!

THE END!